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THE SKETCH



No. 1400. — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1921.

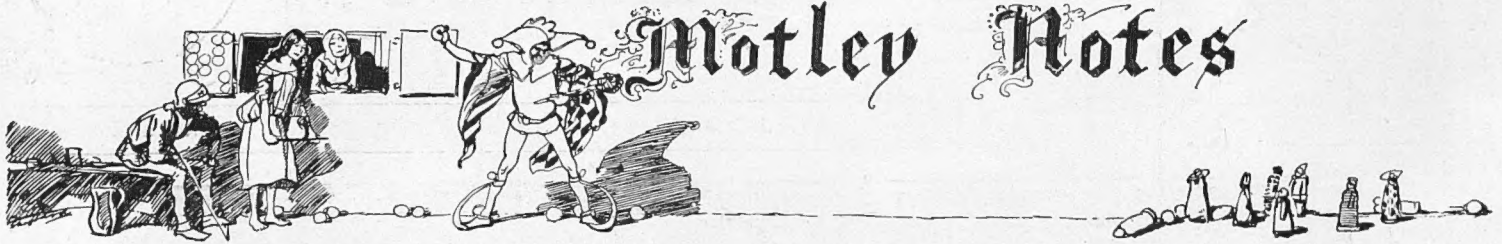
ONE SHILLING.



VISCOUNTESS CURZON—AS PORTRAYED BY A MODERN SPANISH ARTIST.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FEDERICO CARLOS MADRAZO-OCOA.

(Reproduced by Courtesy of the Directors of the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at the Royal Academy of Arts.)



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

If the Worms Should Turn!

I met a man yesterday—a clever man, and one who has made his distinct mark—who said a strange thing. He said that the great social unrest was no longer among the so-called working classes, but among the professional classes. He said that the professional classes, who represented the brains of the country—which, I think, nobody will deny—had endured and endured until they could endure no more. He said that they bore a quite disproportionate share of the taxation, that their capital had been reduced to vanishing point by the war, that their incomes had not increased in proportion to the increased cost of living, and that the time had come when they were about to make their enormous strength felt.

This, as I have remarked, was a strange thing to say. Nobody has ever felt uneasy about the professional classes. Nobody has ever expected them to strike, or revolt, or profiteer. The one thing the professional classes have been expected to do, and have always done, is to volunteer. You can't volunteer and profiteer at the same time. Many of us have discovered that. Between the millstones of volunteering and profiteering the professional worm has been badly mangled. But my friend thinks he is about to turn his mangled form and make a forcible protest.

Perfectly Peaceful Persons.

We professional people are, by instinct and training, perfectly peaceful persons. We have read our classics, and we have studied our history, and we know there is no progress—no national or international progress—except in times of peace. We honour our King and we love our country and we wish well to our fellow-citizens; for these cogent reasons we are all for peace.

But there is nobody more dangerous than your perfectly peaceful person when he does decide to take off his coat. Your perfectly peaceful person does not take off his coat because he wants a little exercise; when he takes off his coat he does not put it on again until the job is completely and thoroughly finished for which he took it off. Oliver Cromwell, for instance, was a perfectly peaceful person until he took off his coat. Once he had it off, nothing could hold him. He even persuaded the Irish to see reason.

Many people cherish the idea that the professional classes might band together in a peaceful way for the protection of their interests. I have myself tirelessly advocated such a League. But it gets no forrader. The doctor has no professional sympathy with the lawyer, or the lawyer with the author. But the professional classes have one element in common—the instinct of self-preservation. We should all rally to that cry.

Proposed Telephone Boycott.

The Middle Classes, it seems, already have a Union. I don't know the strength of this Union, or who belongs to it, or where it lives, or anything whatever about it. I don't know whether the professional classes are eligible, or whether—which is probably the case—they are considered too impoverished to pay the annual subscription.

At any rate, the Middle Classes Union is thinking of doing something very bold and savage. It is thinking of urging its members—who will certainly not comply—to boycott the telephone on account of the new charges. "Should such action be taken," said an official of the Union to a Press representative, "it will mean, at the most conservative estimate, that the list of private subscribers will be reduced by sixty thousand."

To which the correct answer is, "What about it?" Does the Middle Classes Union fondly imagine that the Telephone authorities want their sixty thousand subscriptions? What nonsense! When have the Telephone authorities, since the telephones were taken over by the Government, given the least hint of wanting anybody's subscription? If you insist on having the telephone they will look sharp after your subscription, but their main endeavour is to put a stop to all this telephoning altogether. Surely the Middle Classes Union know as much as that!

My Morning Call.

As to the increased charges as such, you have only to look into the question with an open mind to see how completely they are justified. Take, for example, the installation of a telephone. This is a job requiring the services, from first

to last, of some twelve to sixteen expert men, to say nothing of the people who make the instruments, and the wires, and the switchboards. Many of these men are expected to feel as comfortable on a roof-top as a cat. I myself gave considerable trouble, over a lengthy period, to at least eight gymnasts.

Then you must consider the vast amount of labour caused to the ladies at the exchanges by faulty elocution. I have an instance of this almost every morning. My number is 3256. The number of a very popular local brewery is 3296. What happens? My telephone rings at an early hour—I take the precaution of having it by my bedside—and I lift off the receiver. "Put me through to the board-room," says a dictatorial voice.

"Sorry," I reply; "but my flat doesn't run to a board-room."

"What's that? Aren't you the brewery?"

"No, Sir; but if you happen to want a delightful short story, about five thousand words in length—"

Bang! The conversation is ended. But the operator has worked just as hard as though the call were a real one.



THE GREAT JIMMY WILDE AT HOME: THE WELSH BOXER
AT TYLORSTOWN WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO SONS.

Photograph by T.P.A.



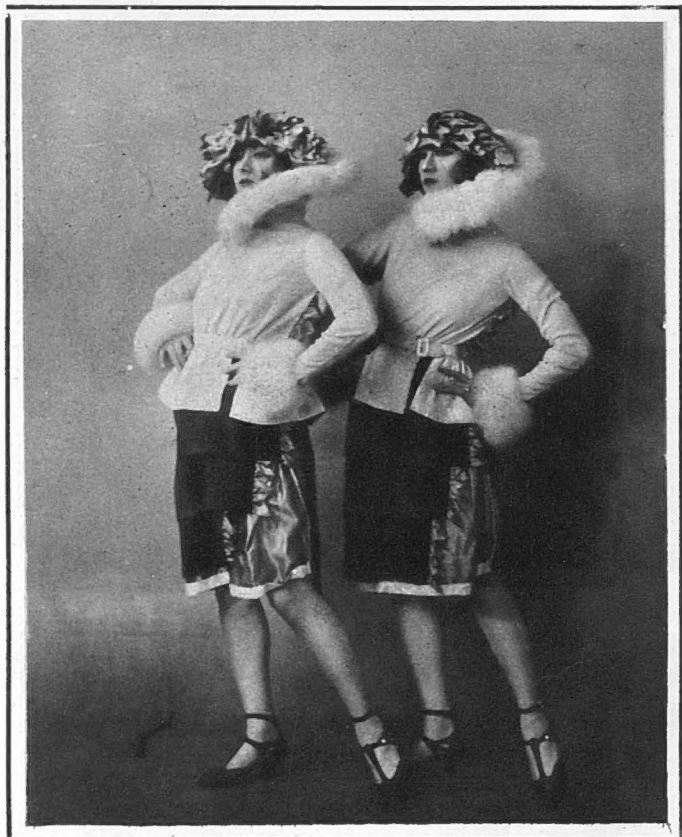
ENGAGED: THE EARL OF DALKEITH

AND MISS "MOLLIE" LASCELLES.

The announcement of the Earl of Dalkeith's engagement to Miss Esther Vreda Mary Lascelles is an important Society event. Lord Dalkeith is the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and is a Captain in the Grenadier Guards.

His bride-elect, who is twenty, is the daughter of the late Major William Frank Lascelles, and the late Lady Sybil Lascelles, daughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. She has one sister, Diana, who is four years her junior.—[Photographs by Vandyk.]

Sure to Meet a Full House: A Good Pair.



APPEARING IN "THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS": THE DOLLY SISTERS.

The Dolly Sisters, who were seen recently at the Hippodrome, are appearing in "The League of Notions," the new revue at the Oxford, due for production last Friday, but subsequently postponed till Monday.

They are so alike that it is almost impossible to tell one from the other; and, like those pairs which we have all held at poker, they are sure to meet a full house!—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

With the Head Girl: Peter, the Charm-School Master.



PETER BEVANS BRINGS ELISE CHALLONER BACK. MR. OWEN NARES AND MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI.

"The Charm School," at the Comedy, gives Mr. Owen Nares scope for the exercise of his well-known fascinations. As Peter Bevans, who inherits a Girls' School through the death of an aunt, and turns it into an establishment where young women are taught to be charming, Mr. Owen Nares is excellent. Of course, the head girl falls in love

with him, runs away, and is brought back in the manner illustrated by this photograph. One has only to add that Miss Sydney Fairbrother plays the part of one of the schoolmistresses to realise that inimitable drolleries are added to the sentimental sweetness of this stage mixture, which is thoroughly to the taste of London audiences.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.



More About Mariegold



"POOR Charles Russell!" sighed Mariegold, looking at the Laszlo portrait at the Grafton Galleries.

No need to ask why. One would commiserate with anybody whose points were so badly missed.

"He doesn't look up to the mark. He doesn't look really successful. He doesn't even look completely and perfectly worldly. He only looks as if he were *trying* to be," she went on; "so it's not like."

"The real Sir Charles always impresses me as being the perfectly complete man of the world. Perhaps it comes of knowing the troubles of all the Duchesses, and the worries of all the millionaires. Other

"The Hon. Lois Sturt," by McEvoy, and "The Hon. Lois Sturt," by Gerald Kelly, are two of them—and quite different.

"If you go to McEvoy you must put up with little accidents, such as eyes not matching, and a one-sided mouth, and curls growing out of the middle of your forehead," said Mariegold;—"but the *ensemble* is charming, and quite like the lively and amusing original. The queer thing is that the Kelly is still more like, though you'd never guess, looking at them together, that it and the McEvoy were meant to be the same person."

Lois Sturt, who is versatile—like her mother, Lady Alington—paints herself. She has quite a capable portrait of a girl friend in this same exhibition.

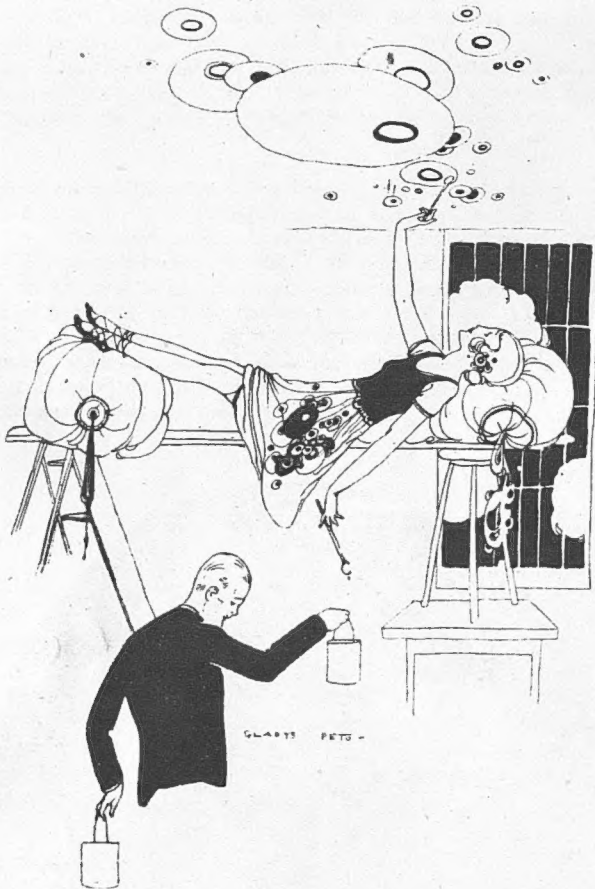
"It is fashion," says Mariegold, "and not an unbecoming one in her case. But they all do it, whether it suits them or not. If they can't do anything else, they paint impossible little figures in bright coloured dresses—crosses between Bakst and Beardsley, Beardsley with a strong family likeness to more feeble fashion-plates. It's an unholy nuisance, this amateur Beardsley-Bakst business, but it's frightfully prevalent.

"It's as fashionable as red heels and night-caps. I was at a week-end party, and all the ladies had red heels, and all except one appeared at dinner in lovely lace affairs fitting tight on to their heads.

"I feel absolutely naked, dear," said the bare-headed one. "Her maid, she said, had forgotten. But that I took to be a lie. And she didn't feel naked, but out of it, which is worse.

"And then after dinner they painted their milk-and-water Beardsleys. Beardsleys without any devil in them—though they tried hard, poor things."

By that time we were standing before "Mles. X.," a water-colour by Babs d'Erlanger. It conforms a little to Mariegold's description,



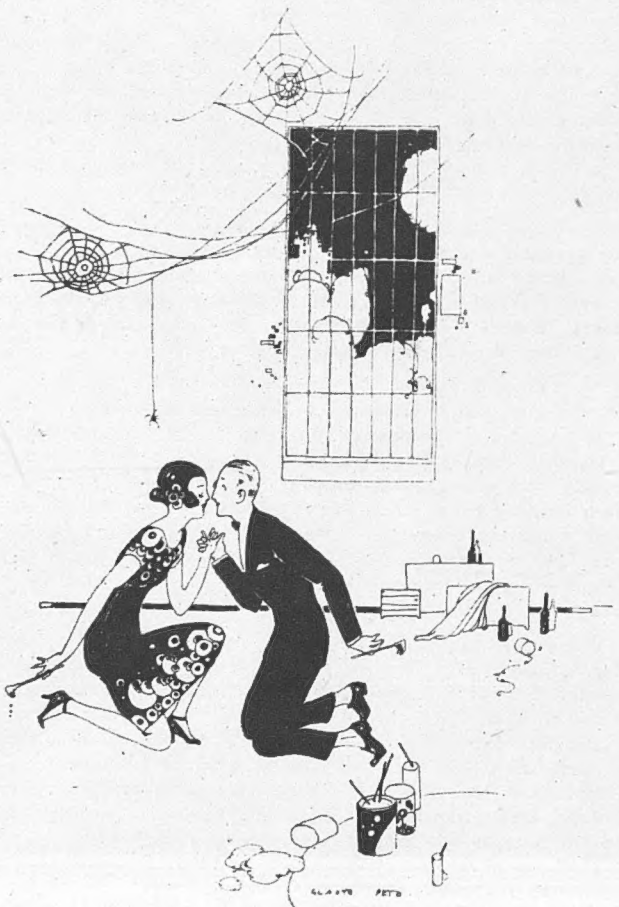
1. Algy and Angela have just taken a country cottage, and are very busy decorating it, assisted by their kind friends. Angela is working upon a novel ceiling pattern, and Billy Barnes is helping her.

people's troubles and other people's worries—so that he himself is left high and dry, perfectly urbane, and a trifle cynical. But Laszlo has missed all that."

And then she reminded me of the difficulty that Sargent experienced when he painted the father—Lord Russell of Killowen. First came the magisterial full-length in the robes of the L.C.J., missing the power and push of the man himself. Afterwards Sargent did a small portrait, hard as nails and keen as mustard.

But Charlie Russell's urbanity, with that dash of cynicism, is more subtle and difficult; and one can only say "Poor Charles Russell" before the Laszlo portrait.

When Mariegold took me round the galleries there was a fair sprinkling of well-known and pretty people. Francis Howard, who is secretary to the National Portrait Society, was entertaining the prettiest of them—a little bunch of damsels, bobbed and natty. Lois Sturt may have been one of them, but by the time I had enticed Mariegold from the Augustus Johns to identify the young lady for me she had flitted. So we contented ourselves with half-a-dozen portraits of her instead.



2. Algy and Miss Poudre-Nildé (a great friend of Angela's) are very busy painting the floor of the next room.

but has, perhaps, enough talent to justify itself. Underneath is Baroness d'Erlanger's portrait of Babs—an extraordinary good likeness of her sombre-looking daughter.

"That sombreness of hers is her triumph," Mariegold told me. "It's very original to be so pretty and so forbidding at the same time."

We saw Lady Tredegar, pleased with John's portrait of herself. Mariegold thought it clever of her to get such a respectful portrait from him. But she struck me as being a woman who gave no handle to the satirist. She is neither too "pronounced" nor too "ordinary"—neither a Lady Ottoline Morrell nor one of the ten thousand.

Evan Morgan, that puzzling son of hers, we did not see with her. "I believe even she was puzzled when they said he had gone into a monastery. Straight from the Tour Eiffel, that favourite restaurant, and the Manners set into a monastery. You remember I was able to demolish that rumour at the time. But, nevertheless, he has enough of the monk in him to puzzle Monmouthshire—and Soho!"

The most distressing picture at the Grafton Galleries is one of a youth in riding breeches and an open shirt. Lord Wodehouse, also in sporting gear, is innocuous (and very like); but the open shirt is distressing. A woman can do it, but young men should stick to their studs.

"The beginning of it all was the famous photograph of Rupert Brooke, used as a frontispiece to his 'Poems,'" was Mariegold's explanation. "People admired his poetry awfully, without getting further than the frontispiece. Sherril Schell, the photographer, told me his troubles after its appearance. Youths were always turning up at his studio and suggesting that they were quite willing to be done in the same way. He had to persuade even elderly Earls that it was wiser for them to keep their collars on."

To recur for a moment to the amateur painting habit, I hear that Sir John Lavery (both he and Lady Lavery were at the Grafton) says that one of Winston's pictures is so good that he would not mind signing it himself. I hope he won't. It would add to the muddle that already exists about Winston's efforts.

By the way, people who are not Welsh are relieved by the rumour that Mr. Vaughan-Davies may not take Ceredigion for his title.

"Does it rhyme with 'irreligion' or with 'the latest lion'?" somebody was asking at the Private View.

Mrs. Lionel Harris, Lady Birkenhead, with Lady Mond and Lady Erleigh, and Mrs. Somerset Maugham were others we met there. And we heard of Mrs. Dudley Ward and Lady Lytton; but our luck was out, and we did not see them.

"What a storm has been raised over the new Soudan Expeditions," Mariegold laughed. "You remember weeks ago I told you about the plans of Lord and Lady Titchfield and Mr. Gerard and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, the 'inseparables,' for going to the Soudan together, and hinted at another party—the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Since then there has been no end of romancing about it. It was true that Lord and Lady Maidstone were going with them, but the talk about their intention of penetrating further into the jungle than any white woman had gone before was an exaggeration."

"That sort of tale involved farewells and tears, I suppose. Any way, it was not to the Duke's taste."

"And yet it is interesting—this return to the jungle. It seems to me symptomatic. While the Labour people want to live in Marlborough House, the people who live in Marlborough House—or its equivalent—are more and more restless to get away from it. Your Duchess wants to be a nurse, even though your nurse would still like to be a Duchess."

"They are just the people whom one rather expects to stay at home, if only to be looked at. Those ladies are all remarkably good to look

at, you know, and that is one reason, perhaps, why they go where only the mosquitoes can study their complexions."

"And how it pulls at one! I have always longed to visit that place—

Where the Blue Nile into the White Nile slips,
And the long-betrothed at last link hands.

Do you know who wrote those admirable lines? A real poet—Sir Ian Hamilton!"

Of flippancies I found Mariegold singularly chary on that afternoon last week when we did most of our talking. She was still too shocked by Gervase Elwes' death to be flippant. She knows the wife and the children.

Everybody should buy Miss Parnell's little pottery statuettes of characters out of "The Beggar's Opera."

It was some such remark dropped by Mariegold that sent Captain Coldwaltham in search of Miss Parnell's studio in Chelsea.

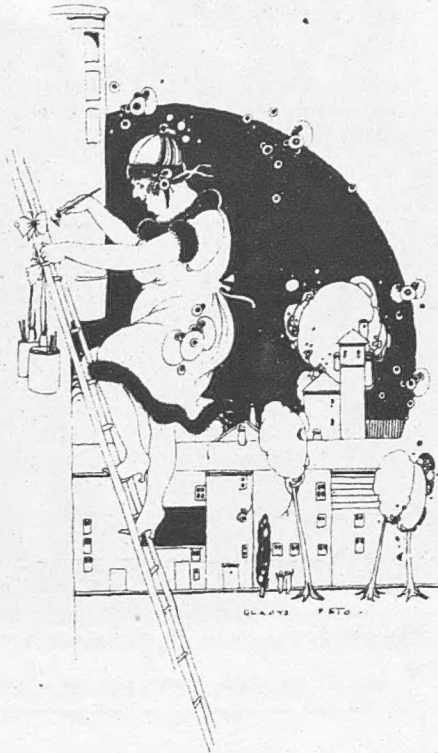
He came back abashed. He began by pronouncing the lady's name in the same way as the Irish patriot's, and was put right. Also he went down with a few spare notes in his pocket. He was abashed on that head, too. Also he felt rather like an intruder. It seems you cannot go in casually and make a choice, and pay out your spare cash.

The things were delicious. It is quite true that everybody should have them. But when the Captain returned and charged Mariegold with sending him on a wild-goose chase, she confessed that when she said "everybody" she meant Lady Northcliffe. Lady Northcliffe recently bought one of the figures. A set costs something like two hundred guineas.

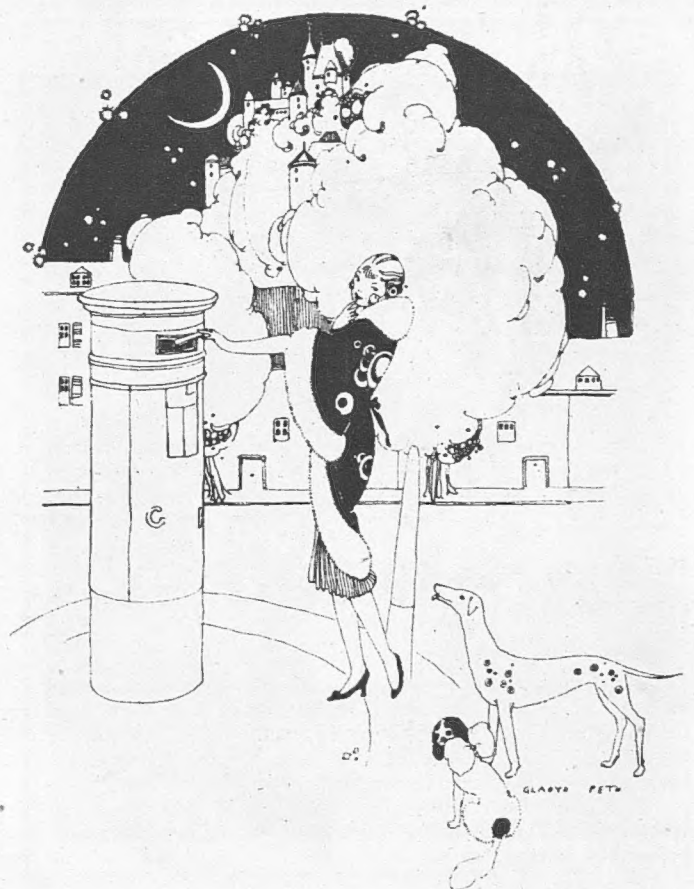
The future Duke of Buccleuch has done nothing out-of-the-way in the matter of choosing a future Duchess. "Mollie" Lascelles, daughter of Lady Sybil Lascelles, is naturally approved.

"And yet he might have been a little 'out-of-the-way' if he had followed the example of the uncle who married a niece of Mr. George Edwardes," I said. "Outsiders seemed to think at the time that he should have kept more to his own set."

"But that was another instance of outsiders being mere—outsiders!" said Mariegold. "The family, as a matter of fact, smiled approvingly on the engagement. As you say, the precedent might have been considered a sound one by Lord Dalkeith. The theatre



3. Aunt Babsie is very hard at work upon the outside of the house. She does hope the camera man of the "Sunday Snap" will come along soon.



4. But, notwithstanding all this valuable assistance, Angela, who hopes to move next June, has just stolen out at dead of night to post some letters to the professional painters and people.

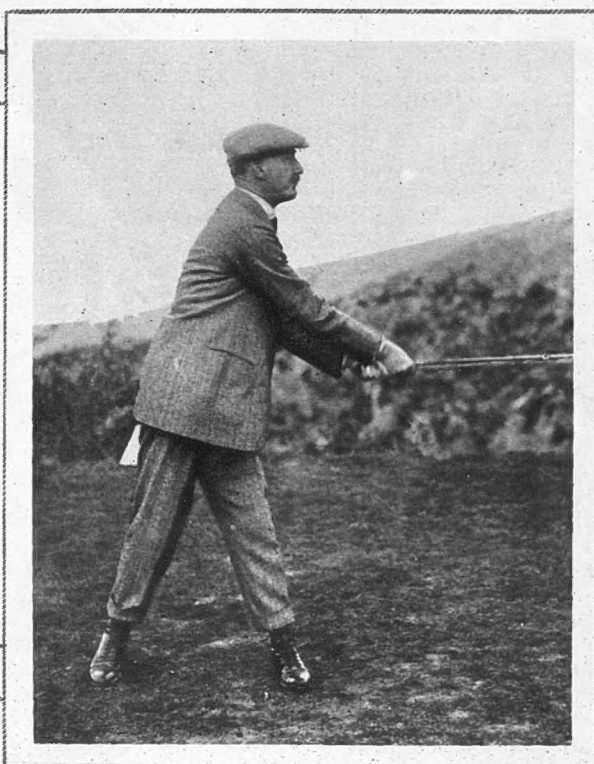
still draws, you know. Look at that first night of 'The Safety Match.' Even the Duke of Newcastle was attracted."

Lord Dalkeith is in the Grenadier Guards. He is young, popular, and at the moment snowed up with congratulations. Of the date of the marriage I have heard nothing.

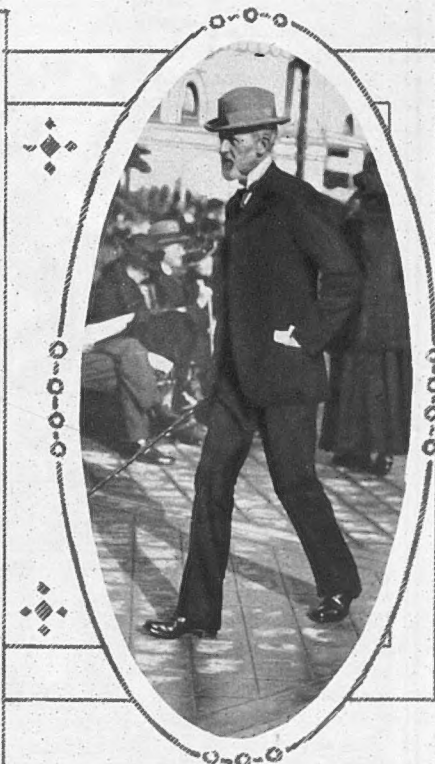
Snapped in the Sun: Society at Monte.



A DISTINGUISHED JUDGE: MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE GOLFING AT MONTE CARLO.



AN EMINENT K.C. DRIVING OFF: SIR ELLIS HUME WILLIAMS ON THE LINKS.



TAKING A STROLL IN THE SUN: THE DUKE OF LEEDS.



SON AND DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS: THE MARQUESS OF CARMARTHEN AND ONE OF HIS SISTERS.



WITH COLONEL AND MRS. OWEN: LORD CLIFTON.

Monte Carlo is always favoured by many distinguished visitors. Our page shows a few of the well-known men and women who have recently visited this resort.—[Photographs by E. Navello.]

Court and Course: At Play in the Sun.



AT THE NICE RACES: MISS GERTIE MILLAR (LEFT)
AND MRS. FRED THOMPSON.



PLAYING IN THE SINGLES AT THE CARLTON LAWN-TENNIS
CLUB, CANNES: LORD ROCKSAVAGE.



WATCHING THE TENNIS AT CANNES: THE RANEE
OF PUDUKOTA AND A CHARMING FRIEND.

Riviera delights include both racing and lawn-tennis, as our photographs show. Mrs. Fred Thompson, who is seen with Miss Gertie Millar at the fashionable Nice racecourse, Hippodrome du Var, is the wife of Mr. Fred Thompson, the well-known revue and musical-comedy writer.—Our lawn-tennis photographs were taken at the

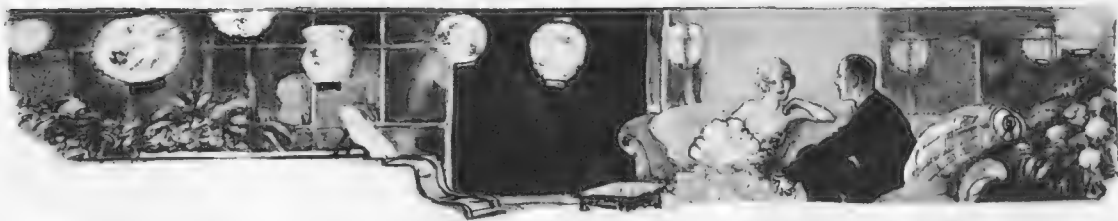


AT THE INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT CANNES:
LADY WAVERTREE AND LADY CARSON (RIGHT).

Grand International Tournament held at the Carlton Lawn-Tennis Club, Cannes, and show a number of well-known enthusiasts. Lady Wavertree, by the way, partnered by the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, reached the final in the Beau Site Tournament open mixed doubles, which were won by Mlle. S. Lenglen and Mr. Wallis Myers.

Photographs by Alfieri.

Small Talk



SO Lord Reading is to go to India to represent his Majesty King George, and I wish him joy of his job. Somebody has called

India "the most difficult of all our Imperial problems," and he is just about right. "India," wrote an Anglo-Indian with years of experience of the country to his credit, not to mention a distinguished record of public service out there, "is mad with unrest." Lord Reading will scarcely have an easy job; but he has the reputation of being one of our most capable public men, and as he has already much experience in playing varied parts, no doubt he will "come through" all right—or at least with no less credit than his predecessors.

Does He? One wonders if the Lord Chief Justice jizzes? I confess that I have noticed no paragraph to that effect in any of the papers. The question is merely prompted by an idle thought as to whether, if he has a leaning for this pastime, Lord Reading will indulge it, and so set an example for other Viceroys. As a general rule, the representatives of his Majesty in India content themselves with square dances. The late Lord Minto, however, broke through tradition in this respect, and not only "danced" in the ordinary sense of the word, but also attended a dance—or was it dances?—at an hotel. His daughters were the most popular girls in Simla, and had what the modern young thing would call "a tophole time." The Vicereine, as a rule, owing to force of circumstances, does not have much opportunity of indulging in more or less private social amenities. But here again it was Lady Minto who helped to break down over-strict formalities. She used to cultivate private visiting, and did it in the most charming fashion, and Lady Hardinge carried on the practice. Don't imagine that the Vicereine accepted ordinary invitations to ordinary tea-parties. The procedure was

something like this. An A.D.C. would ring up the lady whom it was intended to favour. "Lady ——— would be glad to have tea with you," or something like it was the formula. Then you expressed yourself delighted and honoured, and maybe spent the rest of the time wildly telephoning to collect a suitable party before appearing in your best frock prepared to execute your best curtsy for the benefit of your august visitor. Under the Chelmsfords there has been a return of greater formality, but perhaps Lady Reading will remedy that. At any rate, she goes out with a great reputation for tact, and has acquired the name of being a delightful hostess.

Houses to Live in. As to this latter quality, if her health permits, she will have plenty of opportunities of exercising it. Viceregal Lodge in Simla is naturally during the season the scene of much entertaining. An invitation to its great drawing-room, with its golden

the great double-storeyed stone palace that is Lady Reading's future home; and a ball-room from the dais of which their Excellencies

either watch their guests or on which the favoured few are engaged in conversation. Of the other two official residences of the King's representative in India, the house at Dehra Dun comes more or less under the "shooting lodge" category, and it is there that the Viceroy breaks his journey when going to and from Delhi to Simla and vice-versa at the end of the cold and hot weather seasons respectively. For the moment the Circuit House at Delhi is all that the capital of India can give the Viceroy. The stone palace designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens for the new Delhi is not yet complete.

I'm Sorry. But this is not an apology for errors committed in the stress of writing copy in a hurry to meet the demands of impatient printers. The sorrow is caused by the denial issued by the Duke of Sutherland of the report that three well-known Society leaders—the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Titchfield, and Viscountess Maidstone—were to form part of an expedition to the head of the Blue Nile, with the intention of penetrating further into the Dark Continent than any other white women. And now the Duke has gone and spoilt it all by saying that the party consists only of four persons who are going to spend a perfectly ordinary holiday on the White Nile south of Khartoum.

The Pity of It. It seems a pity, because the Duchess might have added to her records as a "sportsman" during the tour. One does not connect her stately, slender, and beautifully dressed Grace with rifles and leggings and things when she appears in her capacity as Mistress of the Robes in London. But she is a fine shot, and it is said that, while staying at Loch Choire Lodge in Sutherlandshire some years ago, she often went out stalking, and on one



A RECENT DANCE HOSTESS: MRS. ARCHIBALD MACLAREN.

Mrs. Archibald Maclaren is the wife of Mr. Archibald Maclaren. She recently gave a dance at her house in Cadogan Square. She and her husband have just sold this house, and are moving into a new one shortly.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



MARRIED YESTERDAY (JAN. 18): MRS. J. DUCKWORTH-KING (MISS NORAH LEVY).

The marriage of Mr. John Duckworth-King, Coldstream Guards, to Miss Norah Sybil Levy, daughter of Sir Maurice Levy, Bt., took place yesterday.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

walls, gilt and glass chandeliers, and gilt furniture, is one of the most sought-after of privileges. There is, too, a beautiful dining-hall in

occasion brought down five stags with six shots. Soon after her marriage she went on a big-game shooting expedition. This was in East Africa, and, in addition to many trophies, she brought back a pet leopard.

Going, Going. The flapper is, one reads, about to disappear. That curious "fluffy," irresponsible creature, neither child nor woman, but a little bit of both, that was bred by the war is, one learns, about to disappear. I confess I am not altogether desolated with sorrow. No doubt, she served her turn. Few feminine beings performed their self-imposed war tasks with such wholehearted zest. It was the flapper's mission to give the "home-on-leaves" a good time, and no one will accuse her of slackness in achieving her object. But there are no "home-on-leaves" dying to be entertained in 1921, and the average male individual hasn't much time to spend on pure "fluff." So the "flapper" has decided to "disappear." Personally, I shall watch with interest for her emergence in some other guise, and one better in accord with post-war conditions.



THE MOTHER OF A BABY GIRL: THE COUNTESS OF KILMOREY.

Lady Kilmorey, who, before her marriage to Lord Kilmorey last year, was Lady Norah Hastings, has just given birth to a daughter.

Photograph by Yvonne.

At Holy Trinity and the Oratory.



LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, BROMPTON ROAD: CAPTAIN ANTHONY BELL, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. LYDIA JOYCE SCLATER-BOOTH.



BRIDESMAIDS AT THE BELL-SCLATER-BOOTH WEDDING: MISS IANTHE BELL; MISS ELEANOR FALCONER; MISS VERA HARGREAVES; MISS CHRISTIAN LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, AND MISS PATRICIA BOGER.



BRIDESMAIDS AT THE REYNTIENS-KOCH DE GOOREYND WEDDING: MISS BEATRICE, MISS CLOTHILDE, MISS GENEVIEVE, AND MISS ANITA REYNTIENS, AND MISS HELEN AND MISS SOPHIE TRAFFORD.

The marriage of Captain Anthony Harley Mark Bell, eldest son of the late Colonel M. S. Bell, V.C., to the Hon. Lydia Joyce Sclater-Booth, youngest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Lord Basing, took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton Road. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Basing. On the same day Mr. Alex.



MARRIED AT THE BROMPTON ORATORY: MR. A. KOCH DE GOOREYND AND MISS PRISCILLA REYNTIENS, DAUGHTER OF LADY ALICE REYNTIENS.

Koch de Gooreynd, son of the late Mr. William Koch de Gooreynd, was married to Miss Priscilla Reyntiens, daughter of Lady Alice Reyntiens, and of the late Major Reyntiens, at the Brompton Oratory. The bride, who was given away by her grandfather, the Earl of Abingdon, wore a dress of white panne velvet.—[Photographs by C.N. and I.B.]



MORAL SUPPORT.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(Author of "Phillip in Particular," "Green Ladies," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

RUCKMAN POONEY, on his almost automatic walk from his great house in a dingy part of the Northern town of Hoggan to his greater factory in a dingier portion of the same town, met Pepin shining among the smuts.

Ruckman Pooney did not approve of Pepin, but he admired him. Pooney having failed, for all his wealth and his O.B.E., to subdue the parabolos of his slacks, Pepin's tact in clothes filled him with awe. Thus, though he suffered fiercely from the Get On or Get Out's attitude towards any creature of the Sit Still and Draw on Father group of young men, he felt himself bound to stop and bathe in the reflected radiance of his new, cheery, and slightly enigmatical young friend.

Pepin said—

"It's no good talking about your weather when one can taste it, but it's nice to meet you. Are you goin' down town? Good; let me push along under the lee of you. My leaving—oh, yes, I'm leaving Hoggan this afternoon; it's a thing that comes natural to one. My leaving has brought me out in a rash of business. I have to do several things down your way."

Pepin was quite bright. He always kept a brave air when facing, or walking with, fearful odds. Ruckman Pooney was quite like that. Not that there was very much fundamentally wrong about brother Pooney. His manners were boorish, and his taste in clothes vile; he was a shark, a sharper, and a brute; he treated his wife badly, his daughters had run off because of his temper, and one had entered into a *mésalliance* with a mere K.C.B.; he was mean, and he bragged of his immense wealth; he was never known to be charitable, sweated his workers, and had ruined his favourite brother; his servants wouldn't stay with him, his language was foul, and nobody who dined with him ever went near him again. Apart from all this, he was quite a reputable fellow, and Pepin, who had seen him brutal, had heard him brag, and had witnessed his meanness when drawing a cheque (and deducting twopence for the stamp) when paying a bill, felt that he had points. He looked, to the casual eye, as if he had only knuckles and blobs, but Pepin felt that he had points.

They walked down town, dodging the larger brotherhood of local smuts, and Pepin prattled vivaciously about murder. Ruckman Pooney had a neat taste in murder. He felt in it the call of soul to soul. Pepin felt that murder was rather crude; but he wanted to be smooth to Ruckman, and he succeeded. The magnate was in his most attractive temper when Pepin pulled up short, and murmured, "Well, I do think your theory on wife elimination is interesting. I want to hear . . . just a minute. Going in here—I won't keep you a minute. I must hear . . ."

Ruckman Pooney glanced up—

"Didn't know this was your bank too," he said.

"It isn't. Just have a cheque to cash, that's all. I won't keep you a minute. I do want to hear . . ."

"Nottin a vast hurry," said Pooney. "C'n wait. In my opinion the best way to deal with a wi— But c'n wait . . ."

"No good giving too much advantage to this weather. Come inside, old thing. You can tell me all about it while the expert is measuring off the notes. . . . And oh, yes, you can stand by an' give me an air of commercial stability."

"Ay," agreed Ruckman Pooney. "An' I daresay you need it. You look a poor, insolvent, weak-headed, witless, worthless softy by yourself."

Ruckman Pooney was conscious that he must live up to the pawky humour that had made Hoggan what it was. And he felt that he had been a worthy son of a city that had less sunshine and more police-court cases than any other two in the kingdom. Pepin walked across to the counter, shoved a cheque beneath the caging, and strolled back.

"How concisely you put things," he smiled. "And now about your theory. To do a really indistinguishable murder . . ."

"Wi' violence," said Ruckman Pooney eagerly. "Don't forget it's with violence, man. I think you ought to arrange that your wife walks in a lonely part. You tak' a ticket to a distant station, and tip the ticket man so that he remembers you with astonishment. Then you get out at the first stop, double back. . . . That feller, Vluka his name is, by yon counter, wants ye."

The cashier, indeed, had been performing suggestive nuances. He looked at the cheque Pepin had presented. He looked at Pepin. He looked even at Ruckman Pooney. He coughed—a bank cough, auriferous and discreet. He made shy movements with his hand. When Pooney called Pepin's attention to him he brightened like a praised child.

Pepin smiled at him in his best manner.

"Make it hundreds," he said sweetly. "Hundreds, don't you you think, Mr. Pooney—easier to handle?"

"Oh, ay," snapped Pooney, nettled in narrative.

"Make it hundreds then, as our wise friend says," said Pepin.

The man still hesitated. He looked with a bated glance at both the men. He opened his mouth. Pepin said with a giggle—

"He doesn't trust me, Pooney. What do you think of that? He doesn't trust me, in spite of you. Do give me a character."

"Vluka, you addle-headed, maggot-minded fule, what are you blitherin' about?" snarled Ruckman Pooney. "What's botherin' ye? Ain't ye seen a cheque before? You've seen a number o' mine, anyhow, you weazened, misconstrued chump!"

"Certainly . . . certainly, Mr. Pooney," said the cashier nervously. "But a large amount . . .?"

"There are large amounts," snarled Ruckman Pooney. "Get along with it, ye fule!"

"Yes, and in hundreds, Mr. Vluka. . . . You were saying, Mr. Pooney?"

"Well, you get out at that little quiet station, and you double back. You go to the place where your wife is walking . . . what's the matter now?"

"I hate not taking away money, when one has drawn it—that's all," said Pepin. He stepped across to the counter, picked up what looked an almost savage wad to Ruckman Pooney's eyes, and made for the door. Pooney, still in the throes of intelligent murder, had to use nimbleness to get to his side.

"Then you wait quiet and hidden like for the wife . . . say, but it was a lot of money you got?"

"I like it none the less for that," smiled Pepin. "Ah, there is a taxi." He waved an ivory-and-gold stick.

"But you were walking. . . . An—an' I've only just now got to the clever bit."

"I couldn't bear to hear it," said Pepin, hopping into the cab. "I'll come back just in time for the coroner's inquest. Or even later. Must go now. With a lot of money like this I am naturally anxious. Good-bye. So glad to have had your moral support."

Ruckman Pooney didn't read that riddle until a few weeks later, in the course of which Pepin had disappeared into the unknown from which he had come. Pepin, indeed, might have become merely a glowing memory, but an entry in Ruckman Pooney's bank-book made him a living recollection.

Pooney went down to his bank in a fury.

"Here," he said to the bar-protected Vluka. "Here, this two thousand seven hundred and fifty pun, what the ruddy Hoggan does that stand for or signify?"

Vluka examined the entry.

"That's all right," said he. "Open cheque, drawn by your friend Mr. Eganbald Wussby."

"Drawn by— Never heard of t'feller."

"Come—come, Mr. Pooney," said Vluka indulgently. "You stood by him and advised hundred-pound notes."

"I—I stood by. Me! You mean I—ME—stood by and advised— You're loopy!"

"Merely truthful," said Vluka coldly. "You stood over there, away from the counter, talking at the top of your voice about the way you murdered your wife . . ."

Ruckman Pooney was suddenly struck dumb. He remembered how Pepin had met him in a curious and unaccountable way on his habitual walk. How Pepin had lured him—yes, lured him into this bank to give moral support. . . . He remembered how Pepin had not been since seen.

He fished out his cheque-book wildly, flicked frantically through it. . . . Yes, there was the place where cheque and counterfoil had been torn out—neatly, but not too neatly—from the back of the book. And he remembered how he had once signed a cheque in Pepin's presence; and had, in the middle of the operation, gone out to quarrel with a man in the hall over deducting twopence for the stamp. He saw it all.

"You—you addle-headed, maggot-minded fule; you weazened, misconstrued chump—you saw a cheque for all that that seemed to be mine, with me present, and yet you didn't call my attention to it . . . you . . ."

"That is exactly what you called me, Mr. Pooney, when I did call your attention to it," said Vluka.

THE END.

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Pages of Beauty.—No. I.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH MINISTER IN STOCKHOLM: MRS. COLVILLE BARCLAY.

Mrs. Colville Barclay is the wife of Mr. Colville Adrian de Rune Barclay, C.B., C.B.E., M.V.O., Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to Sweden. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Herbert Ward, was married in 1912, and has three sons. The first

years of her married life were spent in the United States, for in 1913 Mr. Barclay was appointed Councillor of the Embassy at Washington. His present appointment dates from 1919, and he has already had a distinguished diplomatic career.—[Portrait Study by Bertram Park.]

Pages of Beauty.—No. II.



SALOME AT THE ADELPHI: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

Miss Heather Thatcher plays Salome in "The Naughty Princess," at the Adelphi. She is one of the most beautiful and attractive of our

latest stage favourites, and is making quite a name for herself in the musical-comedy world.—[Portrait Study by Bertram Park.]

Pages of Beauty.—No. III.



IN 9 OUT OF THE 23 BUNDLES: MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS.

Miss Phyllis Titmuss is well to the fore in "Jumble Sale," the new revue at the Vaudeville, and appears in nine out of the twenty-three "bundles" which make up the spirited programme of the affair. Her

singing, dancing, and acting are all first-rate. This photograph shows her as herself in private life, and illustrates the fact that she is as pretty off the stage as on.—[Portrait Study by Bertram Park.]

Pages of Beauty.—No. IV.



"POLLY PEACHUM" IN PRIVATE LIFE : MISS KATHERINE ARKANDY.

Miss Katherine Arkandy is now playing Polly Peachum in the Lyric Theatre. Hammersmith, production of "The Beggar's Opera." She has a beautiful voice, and is well known in the operatic world, as well as in London Society. She is a cousin of Sir Alfred Mond.

Photograph by Bassano.



AT THE MASKED BALL.
FROM THE DAY-POINT BY ICART.

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A LEADER OF IRISH SOCIETY.





WIFE OF THE FOURTH MARQUESS: LADY HEADFORT.

The Marchioness of Headfort is the wife of the fourth Marquess of Headfort, who owns Meath. She was married in 1901, and has two sons—the Earl of Bective and Lord two fine Irish seats—Virginia Park, Virginia, County Cavan, and Headfort, Kells, Co. William Desmond Taylour; and one daughter, Lady Millicent Taylour.

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

Played by a Cast Without a Weak Spot.



HARRIS CARICATURES: "JUMBLE SALE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Jumble Sale," the revue at the Vaudeville, goes at a great pace and offers a host of good things in its twenty-three bundles. Miss Binnie Hale, Miss Phyllis Titmuss, Miss Joyce Barbour, Mr. Gilbert Childs,

Mr. Eric Blore and the rest of the company have plenty of scope for good work, and the cast has been described as being without a weak spot, a verdict with which many agree.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is the genius as wanderer. There is about all his writings of his travels that glow and vision, that magical gesture in style, that gives them a classic charm. He is like the Cortés of his own words; not merely a great traveller and adventurer, but the "master of a vigorous style, with a cultivated mind and rare powers of observation." Style, the cultivated mind, and rare powers of observation go to make "Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinu" a perfect thing in travel books.

Mr. Graham struck through the snows of war to the tropics of the Caribbean for official purposes. His business in the Department of Bolivar, Colombia, was to discuss packing-houses and cattle for the benefit of the Allies. He saw the cattle, he rode with the scrupulously and naturally courteous cattle kings. And he seems to have seen and admired everything else.

He saw and was fascinated by Cartagena: "the old, white town, looking like a gigantic wedding-cake preserved miraculously against the assaults of time," springing sheer from the water its mass of domes and towers, pink houses, and brown-tiled roofs. It has hung above the quick, blue sea like a jewel, staunch and unchanged within its ring of Cyclopean walls, since the days when the great Plate Fleet from all the "Indias" gathered together to evade the ships of Aquino and Ofrisba (as the Spaniards called Hawkins and Frobisher) that lay waiting and alert outside La Boca Grande.

He saw not merely this superb old tropic city, unique of its kind, but he saw all the brave and colourful history that went to make it. With a humour ironic, luminous, and sympathetic, he takes one through all the old chroniclers to show how this town was builded. He makes it a thing of vitality. Into the telling there comes the very odour of those superb and barbarous old times, when men did things generous or ugly with much the same tremendous gesture. There is Diego de Nicuesa, who stopped a year-long and bitter war with another Spaniard in order to place himself and his forces at his rival's disposal in the face of a dangerous Indian attack.

There are pictures of the redoubtable Heredia, the founder of Cartagena, saddled with misfortunes, yet indomitable at the age of sixty, who could march his men by sheer driving personality through an impossible country, who could massacre the Indians who gave him hospitality for the sake of the gold in their ancestral graves, and who yet, as an old man, could toss the whole of his personal fortune into the lap of a French pirate to save his town from sack and the citizens from slaughter.

Told in Mr. Graham's masterly manner, the history is more alluring than half-



BEFORE COMMENCING HIS LECTURE TOUR IN THE U.S.A.: MR. W. B. YEATS, THE POET, AND HIS WIFE.

Our photograph shows Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, and Mrs. Yeats on their arrival in America on board the "Carmania." Mr. Yeats went over to the States recently in order to go on a three months' lecture tour.—[Photo. by Keystone View Co.]

a-dozen historical adventure yarns. There is, in fact, material enough for half-a-dozen adventure yarns strung gracefully through the book. Take the story of the gold in the Indian graves. Heredia's men looted half of it, and returned for the rest—and it was gone. Every grain of gold had been spirited away, and not a grain of it has been seen to this day. What a plot for a book, to be placed beside those

concerning the mysteriously vanished Inca and Aztec treasures that the Indians know of, but no white man has found.

As with history and scenery, Mr. Graham sets before us with a savour and a charm his pictures of an Hidalgo people who dwell in a land where there are "no rich and no poor." He can show in the turn of a witty sentence "the courage and persistence" of the conquerors who scorned immense dangers and struck into the unknown, and he can show you a modern race of gentlemen. "All South Americans seem to know by intuition that democracy without good manners is impossible, and that rudeness in speech or insolence is a sure sign of social slavery."

And above all he can show a series of whimsical pictures and adventures in the land where the sun is tropic and the jungle virgin. There are trips in ramshackle vessels and in perilous canoes where the white-bellied sharks circle round with souls full of hope. There are evenings of talk in haciendas, long rides over cattle plains created by the simple expedient of burning down the thick and greedy forest; there are meetings with all manner of homely and individual men, "friends of a day or two sometimes, but unforgettable"; there are little vignettes of little towns, and the life slumbrous and vivid in the heat of those towns.

Mr. Eric Reid writes of a strange land in a satisfying way in "Spears of Deliverance." It is about Siam, and particularly of the teak forests of Siam. In addition to that, it has much to suggest concerning the relationships between the white men and the brown women of that land, and all is wrapped up in a story, and a very good story too.

Philip Harkness of the Forests strikes his moral toe against the problem the moment he lands in Bangkok. Being a "griffin," that is a tenderfoot, he is taken aback by the universal presence of the *mia*—the little bronze statues, dainty and brown, with the cropped hair and the big dark eyes—who play such a part in the white man's life in the slightly hectic existence of that aromatic city. He has Sylvia Dean waiting for him at home, and a certain austerity in his make-up to keep him remote from this social habit at first; but when he goes up to the forests there are adventures, and then there is Rarouey with her dark and flashing Lao beauty, and his attitude changes.

Rarouey is really *hlong*—that is, a demon has entered into her, and she becomes infatuated with Philip. A chance meeting on a glorious boat trip up the rapids of the Meping begins the trouble; but it is only after Philip has been settled as a jungle-wallah on the Burmah border for some time, and then gets mixed up in an affair of Dacoity, in which her husband and father play lead, that he himself succumbs. The story of how this all happened, and its after-effects, particularly where they concern Sylvia Dean, make the best of reading, and are pictured most effectively against the dark, beautiful, and exotic background of a strange, mysterious land.



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN AND AUTHOR: MRS. BOILEAU.

Mrs. Boileau is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Boileau. She is very fond of outdoor life, and is a good golfer, having won the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Le Touquet last year. She is also an author, and published "Fire in Spring" in 1914.—[Photo. by Vandyk.]



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Revivals in Putters.

Half the people one meets at the present time are making inquiries upon the possibilities of purchase of old-fashioned putters; and most of the remaining golfers are asking where they can buy a ribbed iron, having tried at various places and failed. There seems to be a conspiracy of circumstance in favour of the revival now of such simple putting instruments as our grandfathers used, and this is symptomatic of a certain reaction appearing to have set in against the excess of novelties, a large proportion of them merely fantastical, that was a feature of the methods and tendencies of the community for some years up to the time when the Germans made their interruption of these affairs. Willie Park in his recent book sets up strong advocacy of long-bladed putters, 3 7-8 inches measured down the middle, and his argument that it is easier to square such a blade accurately to the line of the putt than one, which is much smaller is unanswerable. All the ancients used such long-faced things; and however they came to be discarded, except upon a fancy that the touch with them was not so delicate as with putters with shorter blades, is not clear. But the tendency to shortness in the blade seems to have made continuous progress for some time. Here beside me now are eleven good putters, all of different models, and each at one time regarded as the best putter in the world, using which the ball seemed to find the hole automatically. Each in its turn was obliged, as it were, to send in its resignation, but for past good service was not cast adrift into the unknown, like the dozens more which were just given one or two trials and then discarded. From the historical and progressive point of view, one finds a comparison of them at the moment peculiarly interesting, especially upon this particular point of the length of the blade, which, one emphasises again, is measured down the middle, and not at the top or the sole.

Another of the Old Ones.

A Park putter of the pure strain never came into this collection, though there is a goose-neck something like it that one remembers trying for the first time a few minutes after purchase in a game at North Berwick, and finding for a day or two that one was always hitting the ball too late. Of the eleven there is only one that reaches the Park 3 7-8 standard, and its identity is interesting, for it is an exact copy of the F. G. Tait putting cleek, which in the days of the splendid Fred and for some time afterwards was a favourite model. It is notable that the length in this case should be just that stated, and in other respects it conforms to the Park specification, save that it is not goose-necked. For a plain model of a putting cleek there could be nothing better. Out of respect to the original user of this model, fine putter as he was on his day, the humble adopter persisted with it for some time, but never obtained any really sensuous or other satisfaction from this instrument, for somehow it always conveyed a sort of hollow or

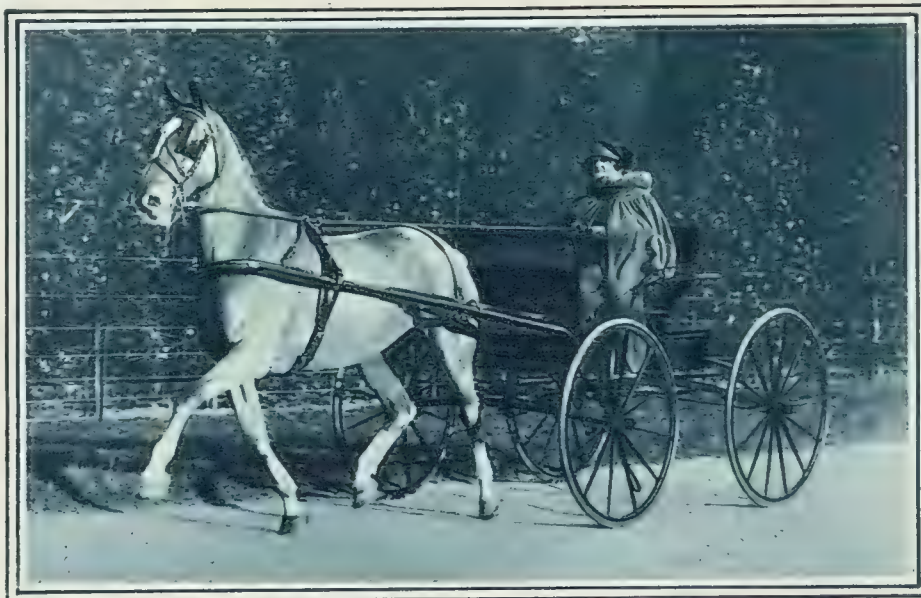
"tinny" feeling to the touch. Unless the balance is peculiarly perfect, this is always liable to be the case with these long and somewhat deep-bladed putters, since the weight of metal is so much distributed, and they are often a little thinner in consequence. Next in length of face is an old-fashioned wooden putter, by Auchterlonie. The measurements in these cases are very deceptive, for one might have sworn that this would be 4 inches, yet it is but 3 3/4. When the aluminium putters first came in as successors—or, as was suggested, in some respects improvements—on wood, one finds a full-length face of the average model was only 3 1/2 inches. It was soon after this era that the tide of shortness set in. There was a conspicuous example of the new tendency at the championship at Prestwick in 1908, when James Braid won after one of the greatest exhibitions of putting ever seen, using an aluminium of a new description. I have here

in my possession the identical club—a copy of which, by the way, Braid used again in the championship at Deal last summer, in the vain hope of reviving old glories—and find the face measures 3 1-8 only. These differences of eighths and quarters may seem little enough in thought or on paper, but they are enormous on the putter and in their influence on the action.

Podgy Bits of Metal.

Little and podginess appeared to be most pronounced about eight years ago, when there was for a short time an intense vogue for small bits of solid metal. This was one of the queerest and most artificial fashions ever set up in golf. Perhaps as an original

basis there was the old Gem putter, little seen in these days. The Gem was nearly as thick at the sole as it was deep in the blade, and with a little loft it was a fine thing for dragging the ball; but it was not so short in the face as it looked, being 3 1/2 inches. Nobody ever used it with such magical effect as did Mr. Hilton at one stage of his career. At that period, receiving a highly substantial allowance, I had to play him in the final of a competition, and his putting, beginning with a successful twenty-yarder on the first green, so much overcame me that when at Westward Ho! a few days later, I set Gibson in action to procure one just like it; but it never became a real favourite. But the podginess and the broad sole were emphasised by Harry Vardon and an amateur friend, who conspired to fascinate the public with their idea, and produced a putter 3 3/4 inches in the face, 3/4 inch deep, and actually 1 1/2 inch through the middle of the sole. This was expected to cure the chronic putting diseases of the great champion, but it did not. Vardon having done this thing, James Braid had not to be beaten at invention, and here am I now measuring his podgy little Orion, 3 1-8 inches along the face, 1 inch deep, and 1 1-8 across the sole. These things and the others make a strange gallery—a gallery of the dead, from which whispers come as to the next evolutions.



OUT FOR A SPIN BEHIND ONE OF HER TROTTERS: THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Lady Warwick is very fond of animals and enjoys outdoor life. She recently acquired some fine American trotters, originally the property of the late Mr. Walter Winans, and may often be seen taking a spin behind one of them near her Essex place, Easton Lodge, Dunmow.—[Photograph by B.I.]

Sporting Society: Some Lovers of the Chase.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT:
LADY DIANA SOMERSET.



A FAMOUS HORSEWOMAN: MISS KATHLEEN WILMOT,
WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES PYM.



DRIVING TO A MEET OF THE CHESHIRE: MISS BARBARA
GROSVENOR AND MR. PORTMAN.

Our page shows some well-known sporting enthusiasts. Lady Diana Somerset, younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and sister of Lady St. Germans, is a fine horsewoman, and hunts with her father's pack.—Miss Kathleen Wilmot is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Wilmot, the well-known sportsman. She is a wonderful



WITH HER PEDIGREE DOGS: MRS. BEATTY, THE WIFE
OF THE WELL-KNOWN TRAINER.

horsewoman, and has assisted in her father's training stables. Her engagement to Mr. Charles Pym has just been announced.—Miss Barbara Grosvenor is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor.—Mrs. Beatty is the wife of Major Beatty, the well-known Newmarket trainer.—[Photographs by Rouch, S. and G., and Farrington Photo. Press.]



YOU know the Suburbs, don't you? All those places where people really live and pretend not to (nothing in the world can equal the world-weary air of scorn with which a couple who live in Hammersmith announce the distasteful necessity of travelling far enough from Charing Cross to lunch with their aunt at Highgate: "Such miles, my dear—quite in the *wilds*, you know"). Well, London, poor old dear, is governed by her suburbs. Possibly that is why she looks down on them so sincerely.

But it is perfectly true. In pretty nearly everything we take our tone from some outlying colony of quasi-Londoners who stand in queues for the morning train to draw up at their local platform. Kensington is the domicile of all our civil masters, the Civil Servants. The I-am-directed-to-refer-mongers, the Your-letter-is-receiving-attention-merchants, all spend their leisure moments in tossing biscuits into Barker's. Or, anyway, they could if they tried. England is governed by rather grubby little suburbans to whom the seventh social heaven is reached by being bowed to by three people between the Pro-Cathedral and the bottom of Church Street.

is always muddy underfoot and mostly raining overhead. *À bas Chelsea!*

And the widening circle of its tyranny over modern art is always becoming more perceptible. It is (suburban persons always are) an imitation of something else. The Chelsea of the Three Arts is a dismal sham Paris. With a few outlying fragments of Munich. You feel, when you get among them, that they would, if they dared, call their muddy King's Road the Boul' Mich' and pretend that Cheyne Walk abuts on the sacred Rive Gauche.

A pity. Because the ecstatic attitudinising which may sit well enough on Latin undergraduates in a French art school and comes in so useful for the minor characters in "*Bohème*," sits infinitely badly on the heavy-footed children of a Northern race. They may clip their beards like box-hedges and bob their hair like gollywogs. But they will never, for all their tweeds and their jibbabs and their *farouche* pipes and their temperamental tea-parties, never be anything more than Anglo-Saxon mediocrities playing at the old, old game of Quartier Latin.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF CEYLON: HIS EXCELLENCY SIR WILLIAM MANNING, K.C.M.G., ETC.; HIS BRIDE, MISS SEFTON-JONES; AND GUESTS.

The marriage of his Excellency Sir William Manning, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B., Governor of Ceylon, and Miss Olga May Sefton-Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sefton-Jones, took place in Colombo. It was a unique ceremony, as it is the first occasion in the history of Ceylon that a Governor has been married there. Our photograph shows (left to right, standing) Captain L. F. Lerway Day; Captain L. Holbech; Major B. W. Bawa; Paymaster-Lieutenant E. A. Symes, R.N.; Major

H. Greer; the Hon. R. Trefusis; Captain C. E. Sherwin; the Maha Mudaliyar; the Bridegroom; Captain F. R. S. de la Cour; Captain C. Owen; Major O. Tonks; Major R. Whittow; Captain G. L. H. Doudney; Captain E. O. Mackwood. (Seated, left to right), Hon. Sir Graeme Thomson; Mrs. Sefton-Jones; the Bride; Miss Morse; Hon. Mrs. Trefusis. The bridesmaids were Miss Caroline Stanton and Miss Helen Trefusis.—[Photograph by Platé, Lt.]

And Golder's Green (pass the lentils, please) is the Queen of Culture. Enthroned on the heights of Hampstead, robed in a buskless bodice, and crowned, orbbed, and sceptred with the collected works of D. H. Lawrence and Joseph Conrad, she dictates our tastes and our preferences in letters and drama. Running rather to repertory, she tends to command our attendance at grimy little one-act plays about depression in bowler hats, varied by occasional bursts of highly coloured mediævalism. But throughout the whole area of British culture you may detect the suburban touch of the literary and dramatic clan which goes home above ground up the Finchley Road or underground by Warren Street and Belsize Park.

But the most tyrannical suburb of the lot is Chelsea. Why, in the name of Lots Road Power Station and all that is ugliest on the whole river-front of London, should we take our ideas of the beautiful in visual art from the shaggy and not invariably wholesome denizens of this bridgehead of Battersea? There is, there must be a King's Road, unless you are to convert Sloane Square into a dead end. But why make such a fuss about it? Dear, peaceful, umbrageous, mildly raffish old St. John's Wood was a thousand times preferable as a Home of the Arts to the detestable suburb of Chelsea, where it

But is the real thing really so much worth while as all that? A gifted gentleman of the name of Picasso is just startling the peaceful denizens of Leicester Square with his angular annihilations of form, colour, and beauty. An ecstatic person in the Introduction to the catalogue congratulates himself that neither the Master nor Matisse "falls into the habit of puffing out his pictures with literary stuff, though Picasso has, on occasions, allowed to filter into his art a, to me, disquieting dash of sentiment." That, you know, means, in the King's English as it is spoken outside the King's Road, that this gifted painter's paintings are never, of course, *about* anything, although he sometimes appears, as one looks at the disjointed polychromatic triangles, to be feeling sorry for something. Perhaps for his explainers.

But (speaking in a low voice and so as not to be overheard by the lop-eared man with horn spectacles in the corner) what Unmitigated Tosh it all is. Here is an artist who knows his job. You can see that from the despised work of the period when he drew things. But he chooses, apparently in order to watch sardonically the raptures of the Illuminati over meaningless productions, to triangulate the universe like a mad surveyor. No. It Won't Do. At least, outside the Suburbs.

Minus Voice-Tubes: Masks of the 1921 Stage.



THE AMERICAN ARTIST WHOSE MASKS APPEAR IN THE OXFORD REVUE:
MR. W. T. BENDA.



WORN IN "THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS": A BEAUTIFUL BENDA MASK.



A FEARSOME DISGUISE: ONE OF
"THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS"
MASKS.



SURPRISING? A DISGUISE TO
BE SEEN AT THE OXFORD.



THE ENIGMATIC SMILE: A MASK
IN THE NEW REVUE.



WORN BY MISS MARGARET SEVERN: A MASK USED
AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE.



SUGGESTIVE OF SAVONAROLA: MISS MARGARET SEVERN
IN A BENDA MASK.

One of the most interesting innovations in "The League of Notions," the new revue at the Oxford, due for production last Friday, is provided by the use of Mr. W. T. Benda's masks. Mr. Benda, who is an American artist, designed his first mask as a joke at a Christmas harlequinade, but quickly realised the possibilities of using the mask precedent of Greek and Japanese dramatic tradition for modern stage

effects. Benda masks have been used by the "Greenwich Village Follies," and were hailed as providing a vivid and imaginative touch. The Benda masks illustrated on our page follow the classic precedent of representing different ages and types of character. They are not, however, fitted with voice-tubes to increase the power of the actor's elocution, as in the days of Æschylus.

I'm Chu Chin Chow from – Gloucester!



MR. OSCAR ASCHE'S KENNELS AT GLOUCESTER: A GENERAL VIEW.



FROM THE KITCHEN GARDEN: THE FARM HOUSE.



WITH A GROUP OF PUPPIES: MR. OSCAR ASCHE.



DRIVING HIS MARE KITTY: MR. ASCHE AND A FRIEND.



SHOWING THE PERIOD FURNITURE: A CORNER OF THE SMOKING DEN.



WITH FOUR OF HIS PETS: CHU CHIN CHOW IN TWEEDS.

London has grown so used to seeing Mr. Oscar Asche as Chu Chin Chow that it is quite a novelty to see him as himself—a squire in tweeds. He is very fond of country life, and has made his kennels, and farm at Gloucester quite delightful. The house is an old one, and contains some fine old oak pieces. Breeding greyhounds and coursing

are Mr. Asche's great interests, and our photographs show him with some of his greyhounds. Mr. Asche states that he keeps his zest for playing the same part by means of open-air exercise. He has an hour at squash every morning, two days' golf a week, and every Sunday he spends with his greyhounds.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

On Film and Football Field.



FILMED! MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN'S GRACEFUL LEGS BEING "TAKEN" FOR THE MOVIES.



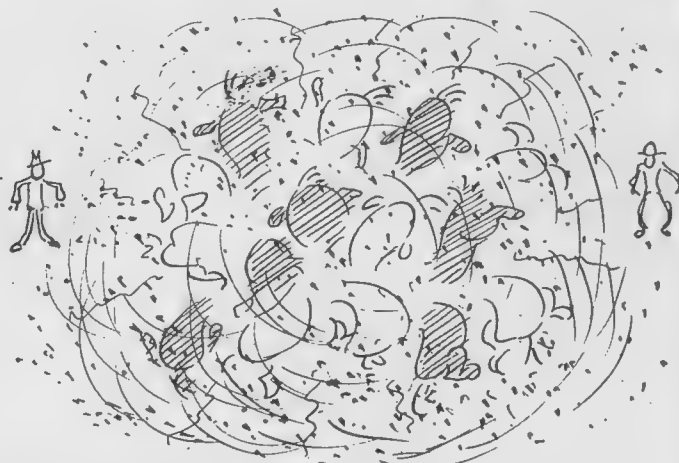
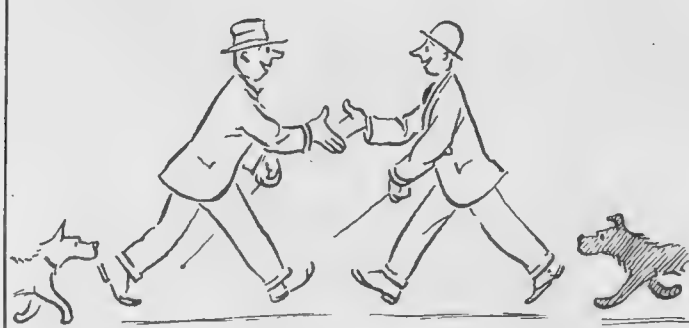
THE KICK-OFF! MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN STARTS A PRESS v. STAGE FOOTBALL MATCH.

Legs are "featured" at the moment, not only by fashions, but on the movies, as the latest stunt in the cinema world is to film the limbs of well-known dancers. Our page shows Miss Phyllis Monkman having her legs photographed for the movies, and it

also proves that the well-known dancer can use the muscles developed by graceful steps and pirouettes for manly purposes. She made an A1 kick-off for the Press v. Stage football match which took place recently.—[Photographs by Alfieri and Tom Aitkin.]

Mixing It!

Fougasse



THE DOG FIGHT.

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.



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THE little theatre known as the Vieux-Colombier has a character of its own. Is there anything better worth having for a man or a theatre, than character? There is no other playhouse that resembles the Vieux-Colombier, even in Paris, where little theatres abound. The keynote is simplicity. Unfortunately, even simplicity becomes an affectation. There is just a danger that the Vieux-Colombier will become a place for high-brows and for none other. That will be a pity. Select, though few, spectators are apt to turn into companies of prigs who believe that everything else than that which it is their fashion to patronise is not worth while.

But really, although there is just a little of this preciosity about the Vieux-Colombier—this suspicion of *snobisme*, this complacent feeling that we who go there are among the *élite*—I do not know where I have enjoyed myself so much as in this curious *salle* where orthodox stage tricks are abandoned, where there is a real artistic aim, where, above all, the actors are natural. Sarah Bernhardt would be promptly sacked by Jacques Copeau, the director of this enterprise. No screaming, no declamation, no conventional histrionic gestures, are allowed on this stage. The players behave exactly like you and I might behave. They converse casually; they even eat—the most difficult of performances, I imagine—like you and I.

The latest addition to the repertory is "La Nuit des Rois." What! You don't know "La Nuit des Rois"? It is our old friend "Twelfth Night; or, What You Will." It was not originally written for the Vieux-Colombier, but it might have been. Shakespeare would have loved to work for Jacques Copeau. His troupe has caught the very spirit of this fantastic poetry. Gaiety trips up romance, and romance clutches gaiety in its fall. Unbridled fancy makes of this masterpiece one of the most delicious works of the Bard of Avon. How, you will ask, can the naturalness of the Copeau players be exhibited in this farrago of fun? Well, they so enter into the skin as well as into the clothes of Malvolio, of Orsino, of Olivia, of Maria, and the rest of these irresistible persons that they are not acting in the ordinary sense of the word—they are just enjoying themselves in these rôles, conducting themselves as they would conduct themselves if they were Malvolio and Sebastian and Viola.

I do not think I should be exaggerating were I to say that these players, most of them comparatively unknown, are, taken together, the best players in Paris. They are certainly different from any other set of players. The simplicity of the means by which they obtain their effects is astonishing. Several times I have met in the foyer English colleagues to whom the Vieux-Colombier was a revelation, and each time they have remarked: "But this is different from any other acting—it is all so natural." That is the impression that they all carry away.

The best play in which to see the Vieux-Colombier actors is, in my opinion, "Le Paquebot Tenacity." The author is Charles Vildrac,

and this is his first serious effort as a playwright. For a year or so "Le Paquebot Tenacity" has been reproduced at regular and frequent intervals, and there is no sign of waning interest. It is the story of two young workmen who quit Paris to seek adventure in Canada and find it instead in a little French port. One of them is blustering, boastful, and imagines he has a strong will. The other is timid, devoid of initiative, merely led. Yet it is the "strong-willed" man who abandons the Canadian expedition for the bright eyes of the serving-maid at the tiny seaport inn, and the weak-willed man who sets off alone to the strange, unknown country.

Not much of a plot, perhaps, but the touches of character, the unobtrusive philosophy, the exquisite irony, make of it easily one of the best plays of 1920. But to bring out all the savour of these homely scenes, the natural acting of the Vieux-Colombier is essential. Any attempt at emphasis would be fatal. Simplicity is the watch-

word of this new Paris school—simplicity not only in acting, but in staging. The bare stage always remains the same, except that, to suggest an inn, for example, a bar is put in one corner, and a table and chairs in the centre.

It is a far cry from the Vieux-Colombier to the Opéra, with its superb ornamentation, its immense stage, and its magnificent scenery. But one can enjoy both kinds of art—the simple and the ornate. I love the gorgeousness of "La Walkyrie," as the second piece of the Wagnerian tetralogy is called in its French version. For the revival of Wagner on the French stage it has needed much persuasion, many threats, and any amount of clamour. We have had

Wagnerian music in the concert-halls for over a year, but it is only now that the German master has been allowed to return to the theatre.

It is a very long time since I have seen the Opéra so well dressed. For the occasion the men actually took the trouble of putting on starched shirts, and the women brought out their *grands décolletés*. This was a gala night indeed. It is easy to understand the reluctance to go back to the dressing habit. But one must admit that the *cadre* of the Opéra seems to demand something of the audience as well as something of the management.

We are absolutely enthusiastic about "La Walkyrie," and, indeed, after such a long absence it seems wonderful. Wagner before the war was played often three or four times a week; and although it would be wrong to crowd out our French operas, it is to be hoped that there will now be frequent representations. M. Franz as Siegmund is superb. Mlle. Demougeot as Brunnhilde shows herself to be in the very front rank of French *cantatrici*. Mlle. Lubin has grace and skill. While M. Delmas, who reappears as Wotan, was actually in the first Parisian production of "La Walkyrie" twenty-seven years ago!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



SUNK IN A MARBLE FLOOR: MONNA DELZA'S BATH.

This illustrates the latest Parisian bath-room, with its marble walls, sunk bath, and luxurious fittings. It is the property of the beautiful Monna Delza, who is shown in our photograph.

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

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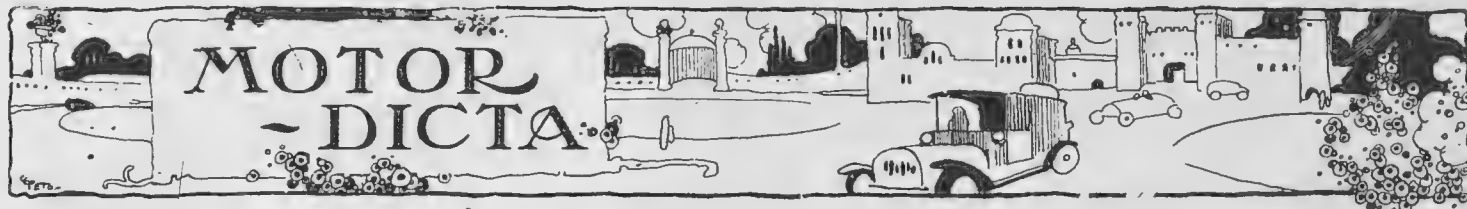
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HORSE-POWER TAX OBSESSION: LATEST LICENSING ORDERS. By GERALD BISS.

IT is most distressing that in these days we always seem to be agitating against something or other. Did not somebody once premise that a country got the government it deserved?—or am I adapting some other equally appalling tit-bit of philosophy? And do we really deserve quite as bad a government as we have got at the present hour of zero after winning the war? In the days of our youth it was only senility with a foot and a half in the grave, those approaching the teens of second childhood, who used to write letters to the papers. Now, what between income-tax and E.P.D., telephones and motor taxation, even busy men of recognised brain-power find solace in such explosions wrung from their tortured pass-books, and so fill the columns of the Press with amateur contributions that the starving stylographists of professional journalism have not space to keep the wolf, in the post-war guise of the tax-collector, from their attic door. Amongst the latest I see Sir Edward Marshall Hall momentarily forsaking crime; and he makes a good point that this paper-making Government regard the paper pound as so valueless as to treat it as the rock-bottom unit. Hence, though the Treasury formula (which, even if it be delusive, as he says, is in the motorist's favour in the case of progressive cars) is calculable to decimal points, a whole Bradbury-Fisher is exacted for every superfluous tenth—that is to say, 20·1 h.p. makes £21 instead of £20 2s., and so on. It is absurd when you come to think of it, isn't it?—and always on the wrong side of the ledger for the poor payer!

Veracity in Politics.

But why can't men of the calibre of Marshall Hall, with pungent tongues, raise the fuss beforehand, instead of after? We are getting a nation of apathetic, partially paralysed folk who only wake up to grumble when it is too late, and then promptly fall back exhausted and pay out of an overdraft as the line of least resistance. At the last General Election the A.A. took a census of all candidates upon their attitude towards motor legislation; and it has proved once again what an abundant surplus of liars there is in this vile world, and the foregone fallacy of promises on the eve of the poll, as at a death-bed. The A.A. jumped in again more personally, as is possible at a bye-election, at Dover; and both Sir Thomas Polson and Major Astor gave eminently satisfactory assurances as to supporting legislation to turn down the new system of horse-power taxation and revert to fuel as the proper basis. In fact, both said "yes" at least twice to everything, like school-boys out to tea, and were the apex of affability and amenability. But when the Whip cracks, what then? The Lords, who used to fear for their life at the hands of democracy, are nowadays far and away the more independent of the two. However, this is only a beginning, and the A.A. is going in for pinning candidates down, and making a hobby of bye-elections. But what is the good of anything when Little Eric Geddes calmly writes at Yule a "peace-on-earth-and-good-will-in-Whitehall" letter to the *Motor*, and refers blandly to "this form of taxation, which was unanimously agreed upon by all representative motor and mechanical transport using interests"?

The latter, if you like, and the motor world have a pretty shrewd idea whom they have to thank actively for the new and inequitable form of taxation, apart from mere puerile passivists. Sir Eric Geddes made this same incorrect statement in the House of Commons; and, if no public protest be made, I doubt not that he will soon begin to believe it himself. It is at the lowest computation in the scale of veracity a terminological inexactitude, apt, if not deliberately intended, to mislead.

Little Eric Waxes Explicit.

Meanwhile, the Great Yen-How of Transport has uttered his commands more precisely and explicitly, when fully grasped, as to the fixing of his badge of servitude, miscalled a license. This, by his gracious permission, may be carried facing either forward or backward in the left-hand lower corner of the wind-screen in front of the driver's seat, which, in this second attempt to be explicit, is almost as involved as ever, as it does not mean in front of the actual driver's seat (which is on all decent and reasonable cars on the right-hand side), but in the

left-hand corner of the wind-screen shielding the front seat, and not on a secondary screen shielding the back seat. Secondly, it may be placed facing forward or backward within two inches of the glass in front of or behind it, so as to be visible through the glass in front or from behind. Or, thirdly, it may be placed on and facing to the near side of the vehicle—why not "on the near side of the vehicle and facing outwards," to be explicit, if that is what it really means?—not less than 2 ft. 6 in. or more than 6 ft. 6 in. from the ground-level between two vertical parallel lines, the first drawn through the rear-most parts of the driving-seat, and the second through the base of the front glass wind-screen, where fitted, or, where no such screen is fitted, through a point four feet forward of the first line. Frightfully explicit, isn't it, after you have fully studied the matter, which resolves itself into any dam old place you like within a square of four feet on the near side



TALKING TO THE PRINCESS BADR-AL-BADUR (MISS PHYLLIS DARE) AND ALADDIN (MISS ELSIE PRINCE): PEKOE (MR. LUPINO LANE) IN HIS "COOTIE-CAR."

"Aladdin," at the Hippodrome, is an Al panto., and the three members of the cast shown in our photograph all scored a big success on the first night. Mr. Lupino Lane's "cootie-car" helps him to make one of his effective entrances.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

facing outwards between the lines of the wind-screen and the back of the front-seat not less than two-and-a-half feet off the ground. That is, if you don't prefer the left-hand bottom corner of the wind-screen. I must say the last appeals most to me, and will, I fancy, catch on with the fully-licensed motorist as the best of a bad job, especially as, if carried actually on the glass, there will be no obligation, after all this fuss, for a metal holder with a glass front, so long as the license be protected from the wet. Altogether, it seems quite the neatest and least objectionable. Now I am beginning to wonder what will be the fate of the poor wretched devil who by leak or other felonious act do so far forget himself as to get that precious license-card wet, or even spotted by the rain? Boiling oil, or something of the very best Bolshie brand, I expect. Meanwhile, we are getting back to the war-time duties and usefulness of journalism, which were to translate explicit Government orders into plain English, and make them lucid to the obfuscated public, to prevent their being shot at sight, or locked up for the duration.

ABDULLA'S BEST

OR INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.



CHAMBERMAID AT THE BLITZ
HOTEL



THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED
NOSE.

A CHANCE FOR OUR READERS

A Freehold House in Park Lane is offered to anyone successfully solving the Mystery of Bongo's Parentage. Look out for Clues in this overwhelming instalment!

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, sportsman and millionaire, attending a performance at the Felicity Music-Hall, is mysteriously spirited away from

THE LADY SYRINGA SATINWOOD, his bride of a week. Cast upon the world, she endeavours to earn a livelihood by selling bootlaces. At her last gasp, she is greeted by

THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, a sinister figure, who promises to reveal to her her husband's whereabouts.

ZARA, THE ORIENTAL SNAKE-CHARMER, and her colleague,

BONGO THE BOA, twin-stars at the Felicity Music-Hall, have vanished with Sir Kenneth into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

UNMASKED.

AND now, gentle reader, let us enquire into that strange disappearance of Sir Kenneth, Zara and Bongo, which Chapters I. and II. synopsis have alluded to but not explained.

Behold a supper table laid for three in the bijou dining-room of the suite-de-luxe at the Blitz Hotel. It is adorned with costly exotics. The richest viands, the most expensive brands of champagne, and numerous boxes of Abdulla's Exquisite Rose-Tipped Turkish Cigarettes are scattered in lavish profusion over the snowy napery.

And yet, in this luxurious setting, gloom reigns supreme. Of the three supping there, Bongo, the Boa-Constrictor, gazes with wistful sympathy at his unhappy mistress. Zara's white arms are wreathed round the passive neck of Sir Kenneth, who, with brows as

black as ink, is tossing down magnum after magnum of champagne.

Gazing up at him through the silver haze of Abdulla's Fragrance, Zara whispered languorously, "Have you no word for me, my Husband?"

Sir Kenneth said one. Bongo shuddered.

The tigerish Oriental passion was but fanned into fiercer flame in Zara's bosom. As she laid her head convulsively upon Sir Kenneth's granite shoulder, the door suddenly opened, and Syringa, shivering in her rags, stood rooted to the floor, gazing with breathless eyes upon the scene of voluptuous horror.

But whose was the sinister figure lurking on the threshold behind her? A figure that caused Zara's orbs to dilate, and Bongo's forked tongue to dash in and out with fierce rapidity. For a moment the air was tense with emotion, then Zara found her voice: "Andreas Zogolibowskivitch!" she shrieked, and fell into the fruit-salad, extinguishing her enchanting Abdulla Cigarette as she did so.



Syringa stood rooted to the floor, gazing with breathless eyes upon the scene of voluptuous horror.

With the cry of an innocent faun wounded to the death, Syringa staggered backward towards the lift. "Ground floor!" she gasped, and collapsed into the arms of the attendant.

(The next grand Instalment of this compelling narrative will appear next week)

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

I HAVE a friend who is the mildest man I know. Yet he is endowed with great power. His power is generated entirely from his personality. When I asked him to define power, he said: "Power is the failure's first hope and the successful man's last illusion."

Alas, and alack, and forsooth!
What wondrous regard for the truth
Has the girl—not called Nancy—
But my other fiancée—
That ruthless, red-headed peach Ruth!

Life is a long laugh, which ever seems to be on someone else. A poor, meek husband, whose wife was of the new economy brigade, had listened patiently to a lecture on the need for saving money at Christmas time. She insisted that it was a futile and fatuous business to buy turkey in the stores at 4s. a pound, when it could be obtained at the Something-or-Other Market at 3s. 6d. a pound. The wife pleaded that she could not very well go to said market herself, as it was a "pretty rough sort of place." So hubby himself volunteered to go to the market and buy a 15 lb. turkey—thereby saving 7s. 6d., which could be devoted to other necessities. He attempted to walk to the market, and lost his way. He then took a ticket on the Underground, and went one station too far. It was getting late, so he took a taxi to the market, kept it waiting while he made his purchase, and bought a turkey weighing 20 lb. on the plea that he "saved" 10s. instead of 7s. 6d. ("which would appeal to the wife"), and then directed the taxi to take him home. A few hundred yards from home he was inspired. Having saved so much, he felt that he was justified in taking a little from his own pocket-money and buying some slight

recognition. He bought a pair of gloves for his wife. That cost him 31s. 6d. And so home. There was some argument with the driver about the fare. Eventually they parted amicably at a fee of 10s. (including tax). He entered his home, waving the present of gloves and lauding his wife's great instinct for economy. "But, George darling," said the wife, "where is the turkey?"

He had left it in the cab!

It takes a good actor to live up to the income he says he gets.

As the poet who never spelt his own name twice in the same way exclaimed, "What's in a name?" Introduced to a fellow the other day whom everybody around called "Wazzles," I asked the introducer why his friend was

mourned the legal sadness. "I'm just worried, that's all." On which the laughter-loving lyric lilter commented: "And why not? Heavens, you make your living out of other people's worries!"

Nature is a good guide-book, but a bad time-table.

A casual performer was entertaining a dreary, uninterested theatre pit queue by a series of impersonations of famous historical characters. His entire make-up consisted of an extremely mobile face, which could be made to look like Oliver Cromwell, Boadicea, Winston Churchill, or Hecuba, at will. In addition he carried a crownless felt hat, which he twisted, manipulated, and poised to meet the "particular exigencies of the character impersonated," as the performer himself explained. Standing solemnly before the crowd, with one hand stuffed into his ragged coat and the other fumbling at his spine, he announced, from beneath an over-long curl of dusty hair, "The Man of Destiny." One onlooker turned to an informed and informative friend who fully appreciated the likeness, and asked how he knew it was Napoleon. The friend who "knowed 'is 'istory book better'n anythink in all 'is schoolin'" replied, "Why, 'e's aht at Elber! Carn't yer see 'e's Bonypart?"

The weather: An eternal excuse for hiding your secret troubles.

This particular kind of person seems to appear and reappear every now and again. And he always "hands out the same gen-u-ine kind of stuff." He is a big, brawny man, wearing a comic hat, beneath which, wrestling with an enormous cigar, is a face bearing distinct evidence of direct Hebraic extraction, surmounting a strangely jewelled and quaintly garbed body, that writhes and shifts and shuffles as the face continuously evolves sounds which we once thought were our language. Why he should do so no one knows, for it is quite unfair to the United States, but he invariably proclaims himself as an "Amurric'n." I heard such an one laying down the law to a meekly polite Englishman in a London house. They were—or rather, he was—discussing preparations for war by the existing Governments. It finally ended with this dialogue: "An' see here, mister stranger, don't forget we licked you once." "I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, I think you must be mistaken." "No, gee! I'm not mistak'n. I say we licked you once. 'N' thet's a feck!" "But, pray, where, Sir?" "Why, way back in that li'l war we had, across the warrer; Bunker's Hill 'n' so on." "Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were speaking of the Siege of Jerusalem."

Beware of the opportunity that "may never occur again"—even if it does now.
SPEX.



GIVING A RECITAL AT THE WIGMORE HALL: MISS MARIE NOVELLO.

Miss Marie Novello, the well-known pianist, sister of Mr. Ivor Novello, is giving a recital next Friday, Jan. 21, at the Wigmore Hall. She is playing an interesting programme, including two new pieces by her brother. Miss Novello is a very beautiful girl, with golden hair and blue eyes. This is her latest portrait.

Photograph by Fielding.

called such a funny name. The reply was: "Quite simple; that's his name."

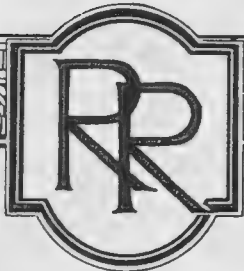
A very cheerful sort of chap—a successful singer, I believe—met a solicitor friend of his who was looking about as gloomy as the last-day prospects of an already lost case. "What's the matter with you, old gloom?" asked the merry one. "Oh, nothing in particular,"



RUNNING A CINEMA HALL IN LONDON WITH GREAT SUCCESS: MRS. TRISCOTT.

Society women are extending their activities in every direction, and succeeding in many new ventures. Our photograph shows Mrs. Triscott, who is running a cinema hall in London with great success. She was, before her marriage, Miss Gwladys Gurney, and is the youngest daughter of Captain F. Prescod Gurney. During the war she worked at the American Army Headquarters.

Photograph by Alexander Corbett.



ROLLS-ROYCE

"What my Rolls-Royce costs"

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

"I can do no better than quote my own experience of many years with a ROLLS-ROYCE, of which I have kept careful accounts. If we assume petrol as before, at the price of 42d. a gallon, the cost of fuel at 14 miles to the gallon (I often get well over 15 miles) works out at 3d. a mile. Tyres, I find, average about 4d. a mile (I have personally run at a much cheaper rate than this), and lubricating oil, maintenance of electric batteries, etc., 1d. a mile, or 8d. a mile in all. In the case of the ROLLS-ROYCE, however, I have not got to burden my figures for depreciation, for a ROLLS-ROYCE is nowadays worth a good deal more to sell, even after two or three years' wear, than when it was obtained from the makers. Of course, I admit this car is exceptional, and I may be pardoned, therefore, for saying that the ROLLS-ROYCE of all high-powered cars is considerably the cheapest as well as the most delightful to run."

Lord Montagu in "Sunday Times," July 25, 1920.

The World's Best Car

The following firms, who purchase direct from us, have sole selling rights of our cars in their respective districts:

Leicestershire, Derbyshire, Notts, Lincs, Staffs, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Northants, and Rutlandshire: The Midland Counties Motor Garage Co., Ltd., Granby Street, Leicester. Manchester and District, including East Lancs. (as far north as a line drawn on the map due east from Cockerham) and East Cheshire: Joseph Cockshott & Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, Manchester.

ROLLS ROYCE, Ltd.
15, Conduit Street,
LONDON, W. 1.
TELEGRAMS ROLHEAD, REG, LONDON
PHONE GERRARD 1054 (3 lines).

Liverpool and District, including West Lancs (as far north as Cockerham), West Cheshire and North Wales: W. Watson & Co., 6-14, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Norfolk and Suffolk: Mann, Egerton & Co., Ltd., 5, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich. Ireland: J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast. Scotland: The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd., 96, Rensfrew Street, Glasgow.

The following firms are appointed as retailers of Rolls-Royce cars: Messrs. Barker & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 66-68, South Audley Street, London, W.; Messrs. Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., 54, St. James' Street, London, S.W. 1.

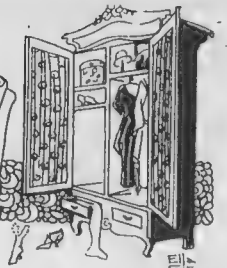




VOGUES &

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE

VANITIES



The Sale Look. Once upon a time, long years ago, there were people who wrote and sketched what they were pleased to call the "sale" look. Now, this is *not* a fairy story, so do not be misled by the opening words. Usually this "sale" look was a sort of ferocious glare. Looking through old files, one can't help wondering whether women ever really succeeded in achieving the baleful eye that, judging from appearances, was universal on "sale" occasions in years gone by. One hopes not, for the sake of those who came up against them. Perhaps, if they did, it was really due to the managers of the shops. Maybe in those days bargains were so rare that only sheer ferocity succeeded in getting one!

Times Have Changed. If it were so, those days are gone. There are bargains, genuine bargains, for everyone. The difficulty is not so much what to buy as what to leave unbought. When you go to Gorrings, in Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., the problem becomes harder than ever. Everything is so attractive and, even more important, so much reduced, that one longs for the days of fairy god-mothers and people of that kind, if only for good advice.

Using Discrimination. People may say what they like, reckless buying is something in which no one can these days afford to indulge. Pale blue may be the colour in which you know you look your attractive best; but that special tea-gown you saw the other day is not for you, unless your last year's one has left its usefulness behind. Jumpers are always useful, and can be kept. Ella Fulton has sketched one of mauve silk, knitted in squares with short sleeves. Crochet is introduced from the shoulder to the end of the sleeve, as well as at the hem and neck, and the price is 69s. 6d. There are others, too, to suit the complexions that Nature has so thoughtfully varied. One, in heavy-weight silk, is lemon-yellow. Another, in pink, shows squares of crochet with silver thread introduced ranged round the hem.



Ingredients: brown ciré ribbon, paradise plume; result, one smart hat.

Other Uses. The number of women who are free from what is generally termed the domestic difficulty these days is so small as to be almost negligible. In consequence, a tea or rest gown is more than ever a necessity. There are clever people who can evolve the most delightful boudoir robes and dinner, tea-gowns, with a really *chic* night-dress as a foundation. I am not suggesting that the pink crêpe-de-Chine "nightie" shown on this page should necessarily be used for the purpose. On the other hand, the Empire shape, the Cluny lace trimming it, and its motifs of the same *dentelle*, as well as the ribbon at the waist, and those tucks cleverly introduced at the hips, all conspire to make it ideal for the purpose I have mentioned. A few yards of georgette or chiffon cut into two lengths and fagot-stitched down the middle can be arranged across the shoulders to do train and sleeve duty; and as for the Cluny lace and cream net cap, its uses need not be restricted to appearance in company with a "nightie," by any means.



Could niceness in nighties go further than this one of pink crêpe-de-Chine and Cluny lace, with blue ribbons for extra adornment?

For Youth.

Don't you allow yourself to think that "Mother" is the only bargain-hunter. Even the superior male has been known to succumb to what was once considered a lure for ladies; and young Miss Five-Years-Old is not, let me tell you, going to rest content unless at least one or two of her requirements are satisfied when the mistress of the house returns from a day's sale shopping. So, just to prevent any suspicion that Gorrings don't care for the small people, you see Ella Fulton has sketched a frock made for their especial benefit. It is of pink net, with the skirt finely pleated; and those little rings you see on the plain bodice are of blue silk and match the ribbons at the sides. As an alternative, there is another model that let itself go, so to speak, in the direction of frills. In this case the material is white spotted net with an edging of pale blue picot. These are only two examples quoted from many, many others, for the establishment in Buckingham Palace Road caters for all ages and all sizes.



One aspect of the jumper beautiful in mauve silk.

About Hats. Hats are amongst the things about which, more or less, a woman can afford to be independent of fashion. Of course, if poke bonnets, and poke bonnets only, were fashionable, it would be sheer folly to wear nothing but "pork pie" toques. Fortunately, however, the Mode is very catholic in her tastes just now; and, in any case, becoming qualities are, in a hat, almost more important than its mere shape. Wear a becoming *chapeau* and the world admires; err in this respect, and very few people will sympathise; and really, with so many shapes from which to choose, one feels nothing but impatience for the woman whose hat is unbecoming. The hat in "nigger" ciré ribbon comes from Gorrings's, and the paradise plume in pale brown at the side is an attractive feature; a black satin toque, not unlike a toreador's hat, is half-hidden beneath its osprey mount; and if by this time you are beginning to think that Gorrings's is the place at which to do sale-shopping, well, you're not far wrong. The beauty of it all is that you can get everything under the same roof—a nice convenient arrangement that satisfies everybody. Having, for instance, "stood" yourself a *matinée* in pale blue satin edged with swansdown, you can walk along into another department without so much as setting foot outside, and get silk golf stockings at 29s. 6d. a pair. They might be in heavy spun silk in a diamond pattern of brown against a grey ground; or, again, squares and circles in yellow might enliven a pale blue surface. And as the two examples quoted do not anything like exhaust the list of colour combinations, you will understand that the artist in stockings has not been wasting his time or his talents.



Pink net for a party frock that has a hilted skirt for comfort.

Back to the Beginning.

To return to the "sale" look. Have you noticed it this year? It is true that you do meet women sale-shopping with a sort of steadfast look on their faces. But there is, in truth, little of the frenzied "get as get can" type of buying. The explanation is quite simple. There is plenty of material to choose from, and prices are of the kind to suit every purse.



In the Cinema.

Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

A soft demulcent fruit pastille which, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than cloying sweetmeats. Non-smokers in a tobacco-laden atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

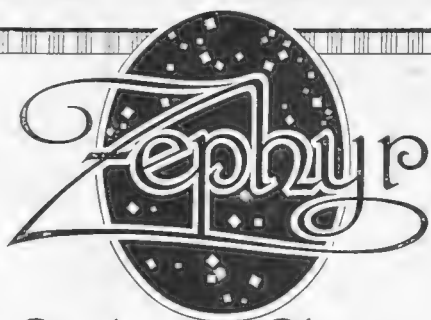


*Insist on
'Allenburys'*

*In Distinctive 2 oz and 4 oz Tins,
of all Chemists*

Sole Manufacturers

Allen & Hanburys Ltd
37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.
Estd 1715.



Ladies' Shoes

A high-class range of light & dainty shoes for ladies, made in black & blue velvets & coloured poplins—mainly for house & street wear. Obtainable in a variety of styles in Gibsons, Oxfords, Courts & One-Bars. Best materials & workmanship throughout at moderate prices.

*Sold by all the leading retailers.
Write for name of nearest Agents.*

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS
MANSFIELD SHOE CO LTD
MANSFIELD
ENGLAND.

MAKERS ALSO OF
THE FAMOUS
'DEVON SHIRE'
LADIES' SHOES.



STAYNES



Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap

has for over a century been the accepted Soap "de luxe" of those who value refinement and fine quality. Made of specially fine materials and lavishly perfumed, it is one of the daintiest of the little luxuries of the Toilet.

BOX OF 3 LARGE TABLETS - - 3/6

Of all Chemists and Stores and from

YARDLEY, 8, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

Perfumery and Fine Soap Makers since 1770.



FRIPP'S OLIVE OIL SOAP

—an old-world product which no modern method of manufacture has been able to improve, or even to imitate. It is made to-day as it was first made under secret formula by Samuel Fripp in 1745. Its qualities, like those of a genuine Old Master, are therefore inimitable.

It is not only the healing and redolent olive oil in Fripp's Olive Oil Soap that gives it distinction, for in the process of maturing, the olive oil is *completely saponified*. This makes also for economy—a soap so matured is far more lasting.

Fripp's Olive Oil Soap is the nearest approach to Nature's own toilet soap. It is tonic; it nourishes

the skin; it lathers silkily; it soothes. And so it is alike ideal for the well-cared-for complexion and for baby's toilet. Again, its lather-like quality—silk-soft, non-clogging, and easily rinsed away—ensures a perfect and refreshing shampoo. Reticently perfumed with true Attar of Roses, Fripp's Soap is of natural colour, quite undyed.

THE TOILET SOAP WITH A PEDIGREE

*Write for the set of Georgian Vignettes. Free on request.

CHRISTIE, THOMAS & BROS. LTD.
BROAD PLAIN,
BRISTOL.

Successors to Samuel Fripp.

Sold by high-class chemists and stores in pink-and-gold original packets.



An Exquisite Example from Paris

Model
No. 904.
In sizes 21-25.

27/6



A BEAUTIFUL button-fronted Corset of Suede-finished Tricot, trimmed with dainty ruched edging. Made in White, Rose or Sky. Has two supports at each side, and is fitted with two pairs of suspenders. An entirely new design made in Paris.

Write for art folder, "Examples of Modern Corsetry"—a beautifully illustrated brochure—sent post free, together with name of nearest agent.

"Art steps in where Nature fails."

Worth's
Corsets^{LM}

3, Hamsell Street,
London, E.C.1

Exceptional Offer of SATIN PETTICOATS

Designed and made by our own workers from rich quality silk satin. The satin from which these petticoats are made is worth at least 10/6 per yard.

PETTICOAT (as sketch) made from rich quality silk satin, finished at foot with two dainty ruches. In pink, tabac, saxe, sky, heliotrope, nigger, eau-de-Nil, light and dark navy, grey, black and white. Lengths 33 and 35 inches.

SPECIAL PRICE
21/9

Actual Value 42/-

Knicker-Petticoats can be supplied at the same price.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



NOW IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

WALPOLES' IRISH LINENS

The finest the world produces
AT GENUINE SALE PRICES
PURE IRISH LINEN DOUBLE DAMASK TABLECLOTHS & NAPKINS

No. 483.
Shamrocks



NAPKINS to match.
Breakfast size ... Doz. 72/6
Dinner " ... " 97/6

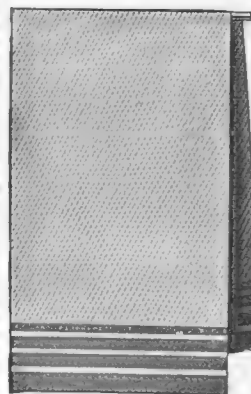
EXCLUSIVE AND
CHARMING DESIGNS

Made in our Waringtown
Factory from best Flax
Yarns.

No. 483 (as illustrated),
also in 3 other designs,
all of the same quality.

Sale Prices:

	CLOTHS.	Each
2 x 2 yds.	...	52/6
2 x 2 1/2 "	...	65/9
2 x 3 "	...	78/9
2 1/2 x 3 "	...	83/6
2 1/2 x 3 1/2 "	...	100/-
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2 1/2 x 4 1/2 "	...	133/-



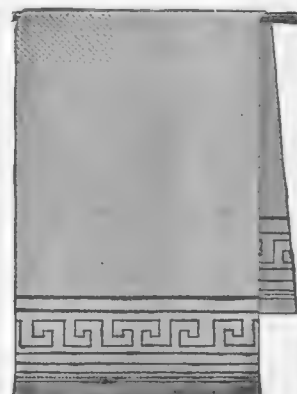
Hemstitched
UNION LINEN
PILLOW
COVERS.

SPECIAL BARGAIN

25 dozen only.
20 x 30 ins.

Clearing Price
5/11 each.

These have been re-
duced in price from
8/11 each.



No. 28.

Irish Huckaback Face Towels.
Fine Quality Damask Borders.
Hemstitched Ends.

Sale Price.

24 x 40 ins. ... 65/6 doz.
All these goods can be ob-
tained from any of our addresses
mentioned below.

No. W.B.S.

Strong Huckaback Towels, with
White Lined Border, in three
qualities. All with hemmed ends.
Suitable for Gent's use.

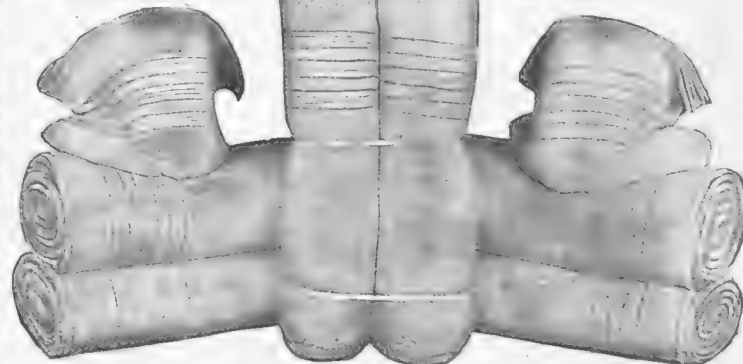
	Sale Price.
24 x 36 ins. ...	32/9 doz.
22 x 38 " ...	45/- "
24 x 38 " ...	52/6 "

SALE

CATALOGUE
POST FREE.

1,000 PAIRS WITNEY AND
offered at To-day's

YORKSHIRE BLANKETS
cost of production.



Quality E.—A superior All-Wool Blanket of fine quality, with a raised surface, and Blue Borders, strongly recommended, satisfaction guaranteed.

	Size about	Special Sale Price	54/- per pair
For Single Beds.	60 x 80 ins.	72/-	
" Large Ditto	66 x 86 ins.	90/-	
" Double Beds.	76 x 96 ins.	108/-	
" " " "	86 x 105 ins.	126/-	
" " " "	95 x 114 ins.		

WALPOLE BROTHERS

(London) Ltd.

89, 90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1 | 108, 110, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, W.8. | 175, 176, SLOANE ST., S.W.1.



"Is suited to the most sensitive skins and is **AN IDEAL SOAP** for NURSERY USE"
MEDICAL PRESS.

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR SOAP

PROTECTS FROM INFECTION.



Hawley's
Hygienic
Black
British Dye
FOR COTTON AND THREAD
STOCKINGS AND SOCKS

They remain
Black to the end

THE perfect fastness of Hawley-Dyed Black Cotton Stockings and Socks is proved beyond doubt when you wash them yourself and find that the rinsing water is still clear water.

Stockings and Socks dyed with the deep, dense lustre of Hawley's Hygienic Black British Dye, remain black until worn out. They wear longer than any others because Hawley's Dye does not rot the finest woven texture, but improves it in comfort and durability.

Always look for the name "Hawley's."

The Hawley mark of guarantee which is stamped on every pair, guarantees the Dye to be stainless, perspiration-proof, perfectly harmless to the most sensitive skin, and absolutely fast.

Hawley-Dyed Stockings and Socks are made in two distinct finishes—"Cashmere" finish and "Silk" finish.

Sole Dyers (to the Trade only),

A. E. HAWLEY & CO., Ltd., Hosiery Dyers, Bleachers & Finishers,
Sketchley Dye Works, Hinckley, England.



PROTECT YOUR HANDS

There is no more effective and delightful protection against the effects of winter on the skin of the face, neck and hands than a regular use of Pond's—the Original Vanishing Cream. A light touch of Pond's night and morning and on various occasions during the day prevents

CHAPPED HANDS, CRACKED LIPS, ROUGHNESS AND REDNESS OF THE SKIN.

Pond's is wonderfully simple to use—it vanishes immediately, leaving no shiny or sticky after-effects—is exquisitely perfumed with Jacqueminot Roses—and has long been a favourite of such particular ladies as Miss Constance Collier, Mme. Pavlova and Mme. Kirkby Lunn.

"IT SOOTHES AND SMOOTHS THE SKIN."

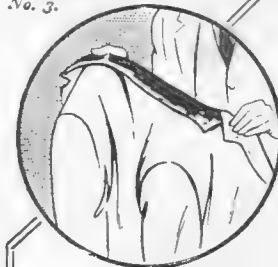
In handsome Opal Jars with Aluminium Screw Lids, 1½ and 2½; and Collapsible Tubes, 9d. and 1½, of all Chemists and Stores. If you cannot obtain the new tube from your Chemist to-day, send us ninepence and we will despatch it per return, post free.

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Pond's

Vanishing Cream

'Stitches in Time'
No. 3.



A Shabby Velvet Collar

takes away tremendously from the appearance of any overcoat. The obvious remedy is to affix a new velvet collar and to ask Castlebank to do it while the overcoat is being Franco-Barbe Cleaned, Dyed or Sponged and Tailor Pressed. Other

repairs are executed too by expert Tailors at moderate charges. Minor repairs are free.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd.

Ask, mentioning Dept. S.W. for the interesting magazine price list, Fleur-de-l'ys, also for the special Khaki leaflet if your Khaki outfit is still lying idle.

Castlebank
DYEWORKS
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JANUARY
SALE
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LINENS

Delivery of parcels guaranteed to customer's address and Carriage paid on all orders of 20/- and upwards.

Replenish your Linen Chest
at greatly reduced prices.

THIS unique opportunity of purchasing real Irish Linen goods at bargain prices should not pass unnoticed by the thrifty housewife. We give below a few of the hundreds of genuine bargains.

BED LINEN.

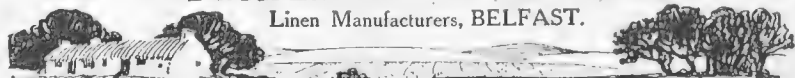
Plain Hemmed Linen Sheets.
Medium Weight, a good serviceable quality.
Size 2 x 2½ yds. **90/2** pair
" 2 x 3 " **108/1** "
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TABLE LINEN.

Linen Tablecloths.
Spot or floral design, bordered all round.
Size 2 x 2 yards ... **51/-** each
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" 2½ x 3 " ... **79/-** "

Write for Sale List 38N, sent post free.

Robinson & Cleaver
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Allies!

A Condor Hat

— Miss
Nellie Taylor.

If your milliner does not sell "CONDOR HATS" we will put you in touch with one who does.—

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NOTE: GENUINE WITHOUT STAMPED HEAD-TYPE.

Camera Study by Arbuthnot.

Wonderful Value in Crêpe - de - Chine LINGERIE

This beautiful Lingerie Set is an exact copy of one of our latest Paris models, designed expressly for the coming season. Some idea of the value of this model will be gathered from the fact that it is made in rich, bright and heavy all-silk Crêpe-de-Chine, which was freely sold during the last few months at not less than 15/- per yard.

HAND-MADE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTDRESS, rich heavy quality, daintily trimmed with lace, finished at waist with ribbon sash. In ivory, flesh, sky, mauve and lemon.

SPECIAL PRICE

39/6

Knickers to match ... 29/6

Chemise to match ... 29/6

In rich satin beauté at the same price.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
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A Coat Equal to all occasions!

The WEATHERALL BURBERRY

The man who wears The Weatherall enjoys the supreme advantage of knowing that his coat is appropriate for every occasion; no gathering is so formal or so Bohemian as to restrict its use.

Designed on loose and graceful lines, its general effect is distinguished, whilst in comfort and protection it is without rival, amongst coats of its class, as a safeguard against bad weather.

The materials used for The Weatherall—Burberry Tweeds and Wool Coatings—are woven and proofed by special systems to resist penetration by rain and all forms of moisture.

Although reliably weatherproof, these cloths are perfectly self-ventilating, free from rubber and so light in weight that The Weatherall can be worn on the closest day without discomfort.

Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE
at Haymarket, of MEN'S and WOMEN'S WEATHER-
PROOF, TOP-COATS, SUITS and GOWNS.
DAILY DURING JANUARY. Full Sale List on request.

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HAYMARKET S.W. 1 LONDON
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An unparalleled Offer to the Travelling Public.

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(Fitted with Airtight and Dustproof Adjustments.)



Every Trunk and Wardrobe kept in repair Free of Charge for Five Years, and replaced Gratis if beyond Repair. A guarantee to this effect given with each Article. Write for Booklet "All about Pukka Luggage," or in case of any difficulty in obtaining same, write direct.

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Who will forward the address of their nearest Agent.



*More essential
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To-day the need for men and women to make provision for those depending upon them is greater than ever, owing to the high cost of living and other changed conditions.

A Scottish Widows Fund Policy meets this need and offers many other advantages.

Send for booklet giving full particular.

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Founded 1815.

THE LARGEST BRITISH MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE.

Funds : 22 MILLIONS. Claims Paid : 50 MILLIONS.

Write for the Society's Booklet.

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For Removing all Superfluous Hair use



DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT
SURE, SAFE, AND PAINLESS

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" Treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain,

Yours gratefully,—

(Original of above, also other Testimonials, can be seen.)

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home

Prices 10/6 & 25/— (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT 92, NEW BOND STREET,
Telephone—GERRARD 3782 (Oxford St. End) LONDON, W1
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Backward children

If you have a child that is not thriving, the greatest food help that you can give is Benger's.

Benger's Food is always prepared with fresh new milk, Nature's greatest food for growing children.



helps the digestion of the milk; changing it into a highly nutritious food cream which children greatly enjoy.

An extra meal of Benger's twice a day, mid-morning and bed-time, has by Doctor's recommendation, helped thousands of weakly children to robust health.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices 1/6, 2/6, 4/6 & 9/-

Benger's booklet is full of help for anxious parents. Write for a free copy to-day.

BENGER'S FOOD LTD. Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 90, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St. Depots throughout CANADA.



The Favourite

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM is a football favourite—not for a mere season or two, but for all time, because once a man has tasted this deliciously creamy toffee he succumbs at once to its fascinating flavour. Make your goal on the way to the match this week—the shop displaying the orange tin with the parrot and Knut upon it, and see how delightful and sustaining Super-Kreem really is.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1/2 and 1-lb. tins.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.

SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
TOFFEE

PYORRHŒA!



is the most powerful specific known to modern science and destroyer of PYORRHŒA when regularly used in its paste form in place of the ordinary dentifrice.

In advanced stages of the disease Liquid ORISAL will quickly bring about a marked improvement, destroying the germs around the teeth already infected, and preventing the remaining teeth becoming involved.

DO NOT SUBMIT TO

TOOTH EXTRACTION—

THE USUAL DRASTIC CURE—

USE ORISAL.

LIQUID ORISAL 3/- & 5/-
DENTAL PASTE 2/6

A really hygienically constructed TOOTH BRUSH that is both a massaging and cleansing brush, price 2/6

Of all Chemists and Stores,
or direct (post paid) from

ORISAL LTD.,
77, George Street, Portman Square,
LONDON, W.1.

Messrs.
**H. & M.
RAYNE**

beg to inform their extensive clientèle that a

SALE

of Ladies' High - Class
Footwear & Silk Stockings
is now in progress at

**47 & 49
CHARING
CROSS RD.**

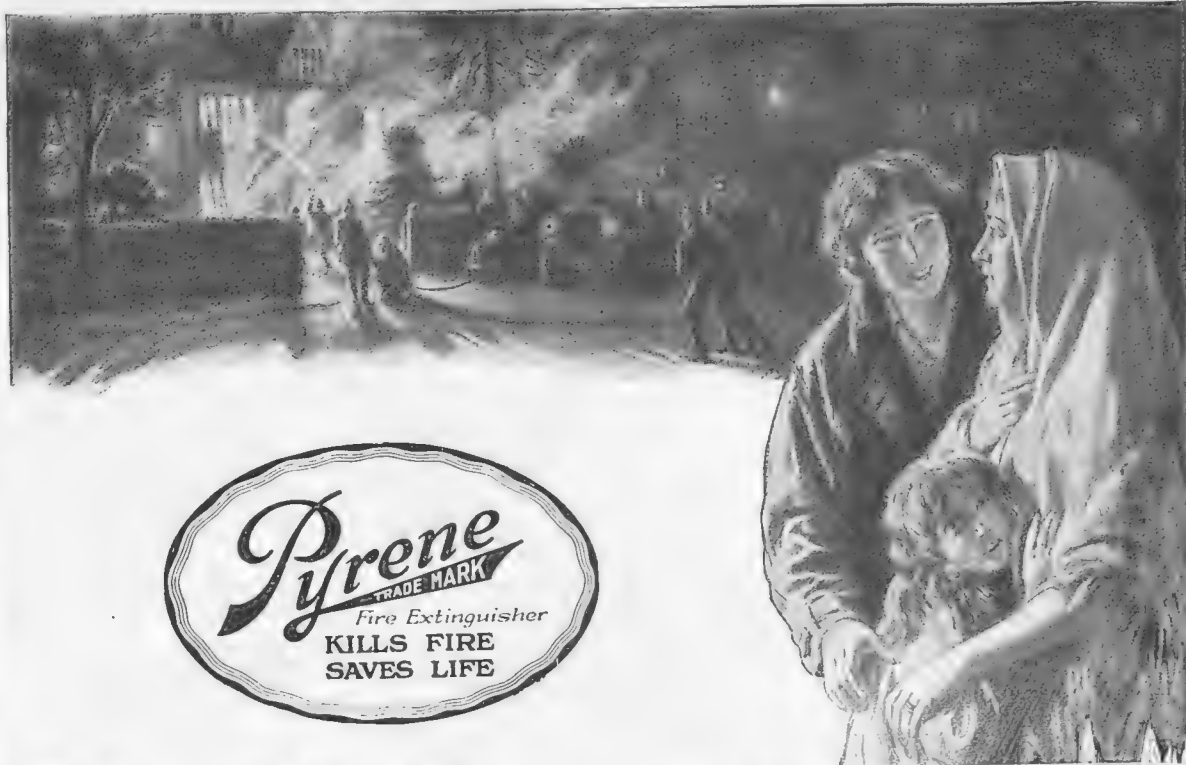
and continues until
JANUARY 29.



No Sale goods can be
sent on approbation.

H. & M. Rayne

**47 & 49 CHARING
CROSS ROAD,
LONDON, W.C. 2**



Size 14 in.
high, 3 in.
diameter.
Weight, 6 lbs.

"We'd been going to get Pyrene!"

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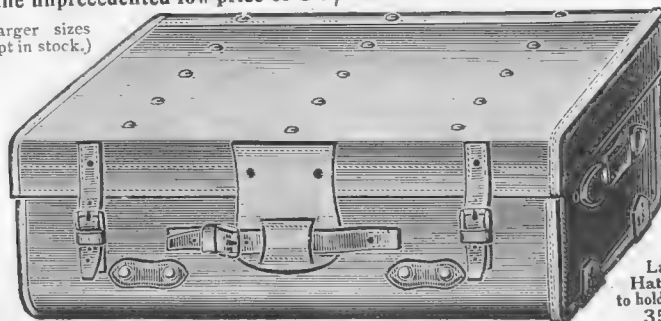
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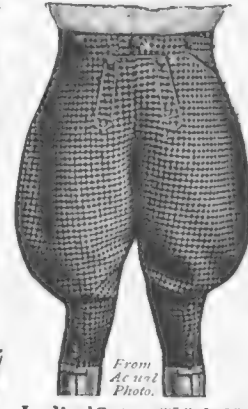
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A Spirited Reply.



THE TRAVELLER IN THE HAT: Do you know, my friend, I have never touched spirits in my life.
THE TRAVELLER IN THE TAM: Ay, and I ken fine you'll no stairt the noo!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A Bargain for the Court.

"Having made my bargains, I'm off to the Riviera," said a bright-faced friend. I ventured to suggest that she would trot out her bargains in the sunshine. However, it is not to be so; they are for the Season, and—tell it not in the ateliers of our great modistes—one is to be worn at Court, where it will not be labelled "Sale Price, 15 Guineas," which was its state when she acquired it. On the Riviera, she tells me, her dress is to be almost like the Quaker's yea, yea, and nay, nay, so simple and uncompromising will it be: a couple of white suits, a couple of dark-blue ones, two simple evening frocks, and three smart hats. She has the idea that British ladies on the Riviera should dress as such, and not enter into rivalry with French *cocottes* and other inhabitants of the half-world. Perhaps she is right!

The Entangling Wire.

Do the Postmaster-General's ears burn? If not, why not? Everyone without exception that I have encountered in a week's journeyings has called him a fool, and—well, with a few qualifications. People to whom the telephone is a business necessity, people to whom it is a great convenience, people to whom it means matters of life and death, people who use it to fill in idle quarters of an hour—people, in fact, of all degree are irritated out of the usual British phlegm by the high-handed proceedings of last week. An old lady of my acquaintance, who had in earlier days said that nothing would ever induce her to use the uncanny thing, was so indignant that she kept ringing up exchanges to tell them what she thought of it, and was amazed to have the wind taken out of her sails by the operators' offers of complete sympathy. The telephone-wire coil is the worst the Government has so far got entangled in.

Mistaken Identity.

The Marquess of Aberdeen has had a case of mistaken identity through one of his own tenants taking him for a super-inquisitive



Photo. Talma.

Heavily embroidered in emerald-green is this chemise-dress of black satin from Bernard. Skunk adorns the neck and cuffs.

tourist, and telling him to "go and get a bit of land of his own." If rumour can be credited, the Marquess owes his clever and capable wife to a case of mistaking his identity. He was said to have been caught trespassing on the property of the first Baron Tweedmouth, whose stout retainers gravely doubted his statement that he was the Earl of Aberdeen and haled him before their master. He was more easily convinced, and asked the young man to lunch, at which he met the Hon. Isabel Marjoribanks, to whom he was shortly after married, and, if appearances are to be trusted, lived happily ever after.

Better Pastilles Than be Patients.

I wish we could live by tabloids alone. At one time there was some idea of such a possibility, hailed with joy by all but gourmets and gourmands. What I really want to live on is pastilles, and the reason is because I so enjoy those of Allenbury made of glycerine and black-currant. They are, of course, for the protection and cure of the throat. I was told by a medical friend to take one when I was in a crowded place, when there was abrupt variation of temperature, and whenever my throat felt dry and drawn. My throat has become, unaccountably to outsiders, very tender and sensitive—chiefly because I love these pastilles made from choicest fruit and pure glycerine. It never has been sore, it is not really tender or sensitive, thanks, I believe, entirely to Allenbury's glycerine and black-currant pastilles. Better pastilles

(Continued overleaf.)

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Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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BOOMER-ANGER

WITH AUSTEN'S COMPLIMENTS

Virtuously qualified by H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AUSTEN is rolling in money—mine and other people's. A hundred million or so, more or less, is nothing to him. Unfortunately, his flea-bites are our bugbears.

Austen is magnificently generous—especially to Winnie, who is certainly the most expensive person in the world to keep, and, strangely enough, one whose waste has never been pinched.

But the dawn of financial disaster looms ahead. And the dreams of our political Arabian Knights must end.

Austen has been taking thousands a year from me as a sleeping partner—75 per cent. of my profits (E.P.D. and super-tax)—and I have determined to evade the clutches of my grasping bedfellow.

Excessive and economically unsound taxation has crippled British industry and caused unprecedented unemployment, and to fight this prodigal squandering of the nation's resources we must control financial supplies.

If the next Budget is over £800,000,000 it will be a mythical budget. For the money will not be forthcoming. Prices are now beyond the spending capacity of the public, and innumerable traders are not making profits, but losses.

The most dangerous national menace is unemployment. To solve this problem I have determined to forego for the present all personal profits and produce clothes for my customers at cost price.

Lounge Suits	£10 10 0 net cash.
Overcoats	£8 8 0 net cash.

These prices are quoted for the finest material manufactured, and for tailoring executed by the best craftsmen in England.

It is significant that at a time of the worst slump this country has ever experienced, my house is now doing the biggest trade in its history, and the hundreds of men dependent upon it are fully engaged.

Pope and Bradley is not a company, and there are only two partners, myself and Austen—one who works and one who sleeps. To maintain production I am giving up the 25 per cent. of the profits Austen so generously allows me, and he is going to give up the 75 per cent.

Personally, until the E.P.D. is removed, I am not frankly interested in the profits; therefore, I am making this offer with Austen's compliments. Here, at least, he will learn a salutary lesson in compulsory economy. And let us hope that he will pass the word to wanton Winnie.

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Established over a Century.

(continued)
than be patients; better tabloids than cooks and table-maids.

A Reverse for British Matrons. The noble army of mammas are taking Lord Somers's defection from the ranks of desirable eligibles as bravely as British matrons always do take reverses. He really was rather provoking: a Peer (not an Earl—a greatness which some papers have thrust upon him), the owner of Eastnor Castle, good-looking, a gallant soldier with a fine war record, and all alone in the world save for an only sister who was married to the then Lord Hyde in 1904 and has for some years been Countess of Clarendon. Miss Finola Meeking, who is to be Lady Somers, is an heiress; but that is quite the least thing to be said about her, because she is charming, full of life, pretty as a picture, and as nice as girls are made when the ingredients are sugar and spice and all things nice.

Chequers' Pleasures will Never be Checked. It must be a lovely sensation to go to a new home all ready to receive you, full of beautiful things, historical and full of interest itself, and in rural and delightful surroundings. The Prime Minister and the little Ministress, Miss Megan, his daughter, had this very unusual experience last week. To Mr. Lloyd George no one would begrudge the smallest bit of such a pleasure. How he does all he does, how he bears all he bears, how he toils all he toils, and how extraordinarily well he wears, is a marvel to all who know him or know of him. His little Ministress, Miss Megan, helps to keep him merry and bright, for hers is a sunshiny nature, so no one will begrudge her the pleasure of a kind of modern Aladdin's palace. We will all wish that their pleasure in Chequers will never be checked!



Photo. L.N.A.
An evening cloak all shimmering with sequins, and made of brocade satin with a shawl collar of chiffon velvet.

Aunts and Uncles.

Are you an aunt? I started life in that capacity, and so have an unusually long experience. It is an interesting position, with certain handicaps. The other day I saw by advertisement that I was only a common or garden aunt—no, not ant—and that the thing to be was a "Universal Aunt." In this capacity you are paid to meet schoolboys and schoolgirls and give them meals and entertain them in London until they either go home or to school. The common or garden aunt does it gratis. The Universal variety is at the disposal of parents or guardians for a consideration. Why always aunts? Why should there not be a Universal Uncles, Ltd.? Schoolgirls might like it better. Or possibly the relationship might be confused with the uncles who dwell below the three golden balls!

The Hampstead Art Gallery is at present holding an exhibition which is well worth visiting. This is Miss Edith Granger-Taylor's very interesting show of pictures, which will be open till January 29.

The first essential of dancing is, of course, a good floor; but that alone will not provide an evening's unalloyed enjoyment. Those in charge of the private subscription dances at the Grafton Galleries, Bond Street, W., have fully realised the fact. The floor at these Galleries is one of the finest in London, and, when both rooms are utilised for dancing, one of the largest in the West End. The music leaves nothing to be desired: the "Melody Five" are excellent, and after midnight are relieved by the "Versatile Four"; there is no "stage waiting" for the music. During the evening Miss Marjorie Moss and Mr. Georges Fontana charm the company with their delightful dancing.

Good Cheer.

Depression gives
way to cheery
optimism after
a cup of

Van Houten's

—the cocoa with
the highest food-value
and the most
exquisite flavour
in the world.

Best & Goes Farthest.



**INSURE HAVING
SOFT, SMOOTH HANDS
All the Winter.**

Now so many ladies are doing a good deal of rough work about the house, it is a difficult matter to keep their hands in a nice condition. If, however, they will get a bottle of

**BEETHAM'S
La-rola**

(AS PRE-WAR)

and well rub a little into their hands after washing, they will soon find a wonderful improvement take place, as this will make and keep them beautifully soft and smooth whatever work they may have to do.

TRY A BOTTLE.—We know you will be delighted with its effect. Bottles 1/6 & 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores all over the world.

PALE COMPLEXIONS
may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT!
Boxes 1/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa, England.



**If you have a Good
Head of Hair**

Don't neglect it, but encourage it, take care of it, and nourish it. If your hair is weak or falling off, use something which will really stimulate and promote its growth. In either case

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your Home
re-decorated
NOW



The Hall

TO give it some of the warmth, light, colour and freshness which Nature herself provides in Spring-time—to make cheerful the drab winter days.
—to save money. Paint and Decorator-labour are plentiful and cheaper now than they are likely to be in Spring.
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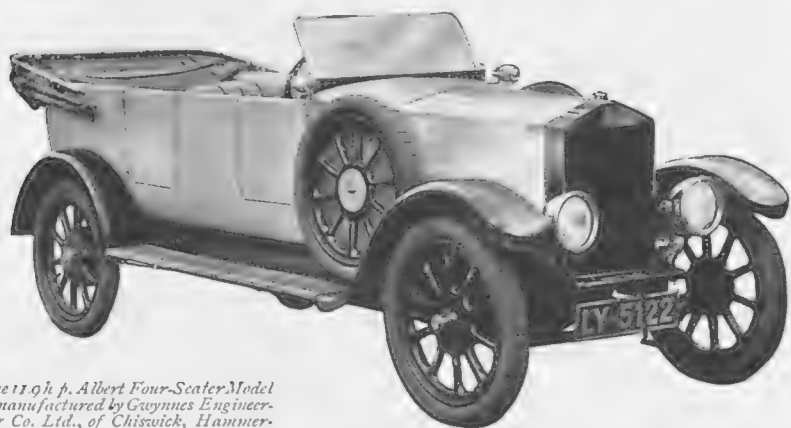
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50	5/6
20	2/3

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No. 10.

100	11/-
50	5/6
25	2/9
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—manufactured by Guyonnes Engineering Co. Ltd., of Chiswick, Hammer-smith, and Vauxhall, London.

The Albert

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Famous over 100 years. By appointment to H.M. the King.
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Per Case of 12 Bottles, 144/- Per Case of 24 Half-bottles, 156/-

Of all Wine Merchants.

Sole Proprietors: GRIERSON, OLDHAM & Co., Ltd.,
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FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 5



FIG. 7

How Inch revived his strength

No one interested in Physical Culture can fail to wonder at the remarkable way in which Inch, after a lapse of seven years, and at the age of 40, has again brought his physical development to such a pitch of efficiency that he has been able to surpass the world's records he had himself established in his younger days.

Seven years ago he retired from professional athletics, partly through an injury to leg and shoulder.

Then came the War, and Inch found himself engaged in one of our largest Military Hospitals. He did wonderful work and did not spare himself.

Eventually, with a view to regaining his fitness and lost development, Inch again took up the weights. That he succeeded in establishing an unheard-of record by surpassing his former achievement at the age of 40 is clearly shown in the following résumé of his recent triumphs.

World's Record. Single - arm press — 201 lbs. (Fig. 1).

World's Record. Single-handed dead lift—402 lbs. in 1½ inch bar (Fig. 2).

World's Record. Two hands anyhow in change-over style—356½ lbs. (Figs. 3 and 4).

World's Record. Chest expander pull from overhead —30 strands (Figs. 5 and 6).

World's Record. Chest expander pull in front of chest—22 strands (Fig. 7).

British Record. Double-handed press — 231½ lbs. (Fig. 8).

British Record. Single - handed Military press — 112 lbs.

Such a wonderful recovery of physical fitness and development after a lapse of years is unprecedented in the annals of Athletics. And the fact that throughout his contests, both 15 years ago and since his return to weight lifting, Inch has made a liberal use of Bovril, speaks volumes for the sustaining and body-building powers of this well-known food beverage. In the unsolicited letter on opposite page Inch expresses his indebtedness to this valuable food.

BOVRIL

Promotes Energy



FIG. 3

"ST. ALBANS,"
74, CLARENDON ROAD,
PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W.15.
December 22nd, 1920.

BOVRIL, LTD.

Dear Sirs,

By separate post I am sending a few photographs of myself shewing the positions I used in making a series of World's records during what has become known as the "Inch Come-Back Stunt."

I want to place on record the extreme value which Bovril has been to me during my training for the records, and on the nights when the records were attempted.

There is rather a romance in connection with my long-continued use of Bovril as a wonderful food-drink.

Many years ago, when I first conceived the ambition to become strong and a champion weight-lifter, I experimented with many food preparations, recognising that diet etc., must play a most important part if one would become a champion strong man.

I came to the conclusion a quarter of a century ago that there was nothing to equal Bovril, and I have never had occasion to alter my opinion since.

I did not know then that it would be my lot to become a more or less famous "Health Specialist" and to handle nearly 100,000 cases of clients who had to be brought back to health again.

But so matters eventuated, and, remembering what Bovril had done for me, I commenced to recommend it to my pupils and patients.

And with splendid results.

So much so that, as you know, I have received not hundreds or thousands, but many thousands of letters couched in the strongest terms of praise telling me what Bovril has done in cases of emaciation, general debility, nervous exhaustion, digestive troubles, insomnia, poor circulation, susceptibility to colds, whilst hundreds of well-known athletes, some of them *world's champions*, have followed my advice and example and have been able to endorse all that I have said about Bovril as a most remarkable energiser with the greatest possible food value.

Then came the war, with ration difficulties, and again thousands of people wrote and thanked me for drawing their attention to the fact that Bovril helped out ordinary meals in a most remarkable manner. It got one over the food difficulty, and it is well known that during that trying period Bovril did not profiteer!

Still further, whilst the dreaded 'flu was raging and devastating entire households, with Death stalking at one's hand as one might say, large numbers of people wrote to tell me that their families had escaped, and that they believed that Bovril had much to do with their immunity from attack. In my own family we did not even have so much as a cold, and you know that I always had a regular supply of Bovril, purchased and paid for by me in the ordinary way.

I recommended it largely when on hospital work during the war, and it assisted my work tremendously.

Then came the records.

I am about the only athlete who has "come back" successfully to athletics at the age of forty, after a long period of retirement.

I send you particulars of my records, all duly recorded in the press. I doubt if I could have succeeded without Bovril. It not only helped me to get fit, and keep so, giving me energy for the trying feats and for training, but on the eventful nights it pulled me together when failures taxed my strength and powers to the utmost. It made success possible.

I have recommended Bovril to Doctors, and they have always found it most useful.

I believe this unsolicited statement rings true—it is an endeavour to give credit where due and record a lifetime's experience and study of food values in relation to health.

If you can use it and so lead others to become regular Bovril users, to the benefit of their health, with immunity from many of the ills to which flesh is heir, that is all I ask in return for the time and trouble of sending you this statement, with the set of photos, which I sincerely hope you will accept from

Yours very truly,

Thomas Inch



FIG. 4



FIG. 6



FIG. 8

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

THE BANK RATE.

THE prospects of a lower Bank Rate, to which we referred last week, seem to be improving. Most authorities are in favour of a reduction to a more reasonable level, and the arguments of those who oppose it are not convincing. The trouble is that a 7 per cent. rate is illogical. It is too high for the Government and too high for commerce, and yet it has failed to effect the objects for which it is supposed to be imposed. Obviously, therefore, it should be either raised or lowered. Even the most hardened advocate of high rates would hardly dare to support the former move at the present juncture; so logically it should be lowered. And it will be.

SHORT TERM NOTES.

A few months ago the issue of short term notes was quite a fashionable method of finance, but we imagine it will be some time before it is again popular. The Straker Squire Debenture issue was a rude shock to some people, and now we have the astonishing revelations at the liquidation of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company the other day. According to the liquidator, £271,000 of Debentures existed at the date of the prospectus for the note issue, and were not mentioned in that prospectus. On the day following the issue of the prospectus, Debentures to the extent of £400,000 were issued, raising the total to £671,000. A further issue at a later date raised the total to over £700,000.

It would be unnecessary to express an opinion on the legal aspect of the matter, even were we competent to do so; but obviously a type of security which permits such liberties to be taken is not one which is likely to commend itself to investors.

TELEPHONES.

It is a pity that the critics of the new telephone rates confine their attentions so largely to the disadvantage which the business world will suffer. Would they have the poor taxpayer mulcted again? I think not. The criticism, to be of any use, must be constructive, and must be directed against the methods which have reduced our telephone system to its present parlous plight. The only valid criticism of the new rates themselves is that they will probably defeat their own object by reducing the use of the telephone.

NEW ISSUES.

Everyone was genuinely pleased at the success of the Cunard Debenture issue. It was undoubtedly a very attractive offer, and when allowance is

made for the amount taken firm by the underwriters and the probable conversions, the total available for general subscription was only about £1,500,000; but an over-subscription even under these circumstances was most welcome. It can be taken, we think, as a sign of reawakening confidence. Another straw which may be taken as an indication of which way the wind blows is the scarcity of some of the long-dated Colonial securities and the delays which take place in delivery of stock. We imagine the new local loan issue will get a better reception than the last one, and, in any case, underwriters are not likely to be unduly disturbed if they have to take up some proportion. It should be quickly absorbed.

IMPERIAL CONTINENTAL GAS.

Imperial Continental Gas stock at about 123 appears to possess considerable possibilities, now that the Company's claim against Germany has been satisfied to the tune of nearly £5,000,000. It is difficult to arrive at an accurate estimate of the value of its assets, which consist of gas-works in several large Belgian towns, and a large interest—nominally £1,200,000—in the Paris Gas Works; but they must be very valuable. In March next, 60 per cent. of the capital will be repaid out of the money received from Germany (this 60 per cent. is included in the current price), and its outstanding capital will amount to only £2,000,000, with £350,000 Debentures; and against this there is a reserve fund of over £750,000.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The City Editor was saying, "I sometimes think"—when The Jobber retorted that no one had observed it, and The Broker advised them, with a touch of asperity, not to be a pair of fools.

"All right, father; but I know exactly what he was thinking about. Shall I tell you?"

"You can't," The City Editor challenged.

"You were thinking that you sometimes think that people must be getting pretty well fed-up with your financial frivolities in *The Sketch*."

"Now, it's a funny thing you should say that," cut in The Broker. "Because only last night a lady client asked me if I knew who did those light-and-airy—"

"Was she looking for him with a hatchet?"

"No; she said that, at her club, most of the women dabbled a bit in shares, and they did get so sick of the jargon in the financial articles of the other papers."

"Did you tell her you did the *Sketch* things, Brokie?"

"Me do them? I can't do a jobber, much less *The Sketch*, and—"

"'Nuff said," replied his friend. "I beg to propose a formal vote of censure upon the lady who says we do not jargonese. Anyone second it?"

[Continued overleaf.]

BURNS



Makers of History:

ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796. The greatest of Scottish poets. Originally a farmer, is sometimes known as "The Ayrshire Ploughman." His poems are remarkable for wit, pathos and melody. "Tam O' Shanter" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Auld Lang Syne," "For a' That," "John Anderson my Jo" and "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" are his best.

ENORMOUS demand upon our small stocks causes us to imagine that every acquaintance of "RED TAPE" WHISKY becomes an ardent advocate of that highly-distinguished blend.

Discerning men, these, but

"Red Tape"
(TRADE MARK)
The Whisky

is so scarce that we counsel you to dispense it with the greatest care. Ask for it everywhere—optimism is a fine spirit, like "RED TAPE."

Sole Proprietors:

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Glasgow, Scotland.

Continued.]

There was no reply.

"Silence gives consent. Therefore, carried unanimously," declared the mover. "Next item on the agenda, Mr. Chairman?"

"You were right about Vickers coming down," remarked The Merchant to The Engineer. "But they've recovered pretty sharply too. Any views now?"

"Let the Ordinary alone. The Vickers 5 per cent. Preference, tax free, are cheaper at 14s. 6d. Give you 7 per cent. on the money, tax free. That's equivalent to 10 per cent. gross."

"Where do they come in?" asked The Merchant. "What's behind them?"

"Only the Ordinary, and they passed the dividend on those, you may remember."

"We do. Rather slender security, eh?"

"That's why the price is so low. You'd put them down as a decent speculative investment."

"Those Niger 8 per cent. Preference are a better investment at 16s. 9d.," remarked The Broker. "A good, sound share, with the Niger Company and Levers as a double-barrelled security to back the issue."

"Not much chance of a rise."

"Three or four shillings a share, anyway, when money does get cheaper. Man alive, we don't realise how low the good things are at the present time."

"What's the use of realising it when you've got no money to take advantage of cheap prices? My wife took all the cash for the Sales. Oh, fool that I was ever to have a joint banking account!"

"But you have to sign the cheques as well as she?"

"Unfortunately no, dear. We have a joint account, with individual signatures."

"Didn't know you could," observed The Merchant.

"Wish I hadn't known," groaned the victim. "She has bought enough stuff to last our lives and then leave a few garments over for problematical grandchildren."

"I've no doubt she bought it all very judiciously and cheaply," The Engineer consoled.

"Even so, look at the interest I lose on the money. Better to buy War Savings Certificates and Chartered, or Shells and Burmah Corps."

"Curious combinations, aren't they?"

"Not so curious as some others you see in the papers. Why, in *The Sketch*—"

"Here, stop it," said The Broker. "You'll have the ladies at the club refusing to—"

"Go to. They'll enjoy it," maintained The Jobber stoutly. "And

if you can drag in a line or two about some Twilfit Ordinary figures—"

"Pax. But I wonder if the sales will affect shares like John Barkers, Harrods, Whiteleys, Army and Navy, Hopes, and so on."

"They're all better, you know, since the New Year opened. And I think the rises have something to do with the way that the companies have certainly been turning goods into cash."

"After all this mild excitement is over, do you think there's enough ordinary bread-and-butter trade left for these Industrial companies to make their big profits from?"

Differences of opinion arose round this point. The main argument was evidently in favour of the slightly pessimistic view. The scheme for Export Credits was held to be very much of a bull factor if it could be worked.

"I can't see why it may not come into force," protested The Broker. "Here are we in this country holding all kinds of goods that are badly wanted abroad. So long as we cannot sell, and export, our trade seriously suffers and unemployment grows daily."

"While our customer's trade abroad is just as much handicapped, and his unemployment trouble just as acute as our own, because he cannot buy what we're pining to sell."

"That's putting the position in rather an elementary nutshell," observed The City Editor.

"We have got down to elements," The Broker declared. "And as the situation is so desperately serious, it seems to me inevitable that a method must be found to dodge the rate-of-exchange difficulty."

"By the Export Credit scheme, duly insured by substantial guarantees?"

"Either by that or something else. If Parliament were to get going on this subject, instead of fooling away—"

"That's an unparliamentary expression," The City Editor pointed out. "Er—what did you say?"

"He said 'Give the door a slam,'" translated The Broker untruthfully. Friday, Jan. 14, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SPEC.—"Speculative investment" is far too good a term for the shares: we should describe them as a very risky gamble, and don't advise.

HOXTON.—Borax Deferred and Forestals are both good to put away. We are rather afraid of Nos. 2 and 4. Have a few Lobitos Oil. Indo-China Steam Deferred are cheap. We take it you are out for the longer shot; speculation is very risky nowadays.

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645.) "THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS." W. H. BERRY. Lily St. John. Leon Morton. GEORGE GROSSMITH. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., at 2.

COURT THEATRE. Sloane Square Station. (Ger. 848) J. B. FAGAN'S Production of "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Nightly, at 8. Matinees Wed., Fri., and Sat., at 2.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "A SOUTHERN MAID." MARK LESTER, etc., NIGHTLY, at 8. MATS. TUES. and SAT., at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722) MARIE LÖHR In "FEDORA." EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687.) "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL." A Musical Play. EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEES WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

NEW. MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS, "THE WANDERING JEW." E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. MATINEES WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30. (Reg. 4466.)

SAVOY. (Ger. 3366.) "PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING." Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2.15.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) "A SAFETY MATCH." By Ian Hay. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW. Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. Daily, at 2. "PETER PAN." HENRY AINLEY. EDNA BEST. Every Evening, at 8.30. New Play, in 4 Acts, by Louis Verneuil. "DANIEL." LYN HARDING. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.

ALHAMBRA. "JOHNNY JONES" GEORGE ROBEY. Evenings, 8.15. Matinees Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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Genasprin is the only brand of aspirin which has thus been honoured by the Medical Profession; and we invite you to try it—free of charge—so that you will realise how superior it is to ordinary aspirin.

Let us send you a testing-sample (three doses) by return post. You may not need Genasprin at the moment, but you will be very glad of it when you do. Here, for example, are a few of the ailments in which doctors prescribe it:

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Toothache	Sleeplessness	Colds
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All Chemists sell Genasprin—or can obtain it for you—in bottles of .35 tablets—price 2/-

(Note: Disintegrate two tablets
in water and take after meals)

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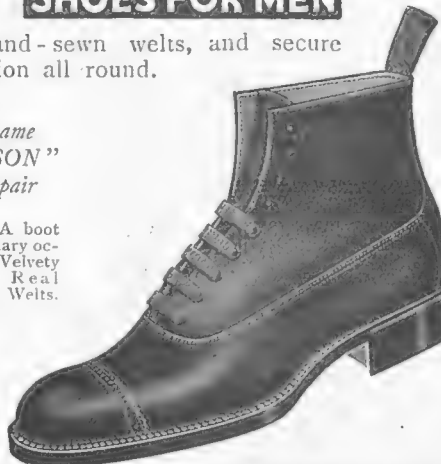
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This model enjoys a splendid reputation for efficiency and reliability. It has given the greatest satisfaction to users in every part of the world, and the ever increasing number on the road is a striking testimony to its popularity. Pre-eminently a quality car it is a fine example of real value for money.

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Introduced for the first time at the Olympia Show, 1920, this new Crossley model has received an exceptionally fine reception. Eminently suited for the owner-driver, designed to meet the needs of those requiring a lighter car, it is presented with every confidence that its performance will add still further to the fine reputation already gained by Crossley cars.

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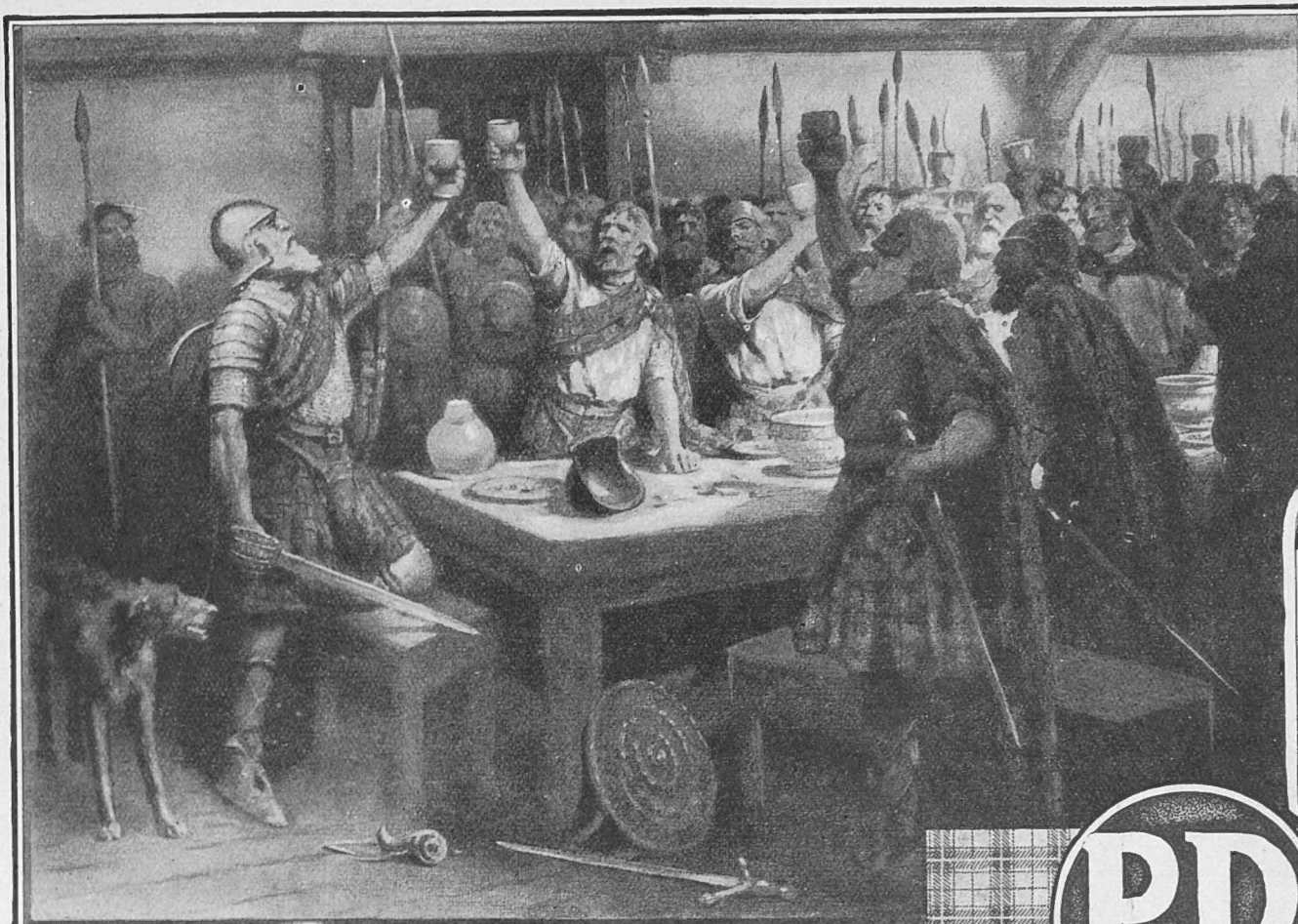
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